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THE MOST

STRIKING EVENTS

OF A

TWELVEMONTH'S CAMPAIGN

WITH

ZUMALACARREGUI,

IN

NAVARRE AND THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

By C. F. HENNINGSEN,

CAPTAIN OF LANCERS IN THE SERVICE OF DON CARLOS.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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A

TWELVEMONTH'S CAMPAIGN

WITH

ZUMALÂCARREGUI,

DURING THE WAR IN NAVARRE AND THE BASQUE PROVINCES OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

The day after a defeat—Bezard—Position of Zuniga—Battle of Arquijas and defeat of Cordova—Stripping of the Dead—Desertion of a Polish Officer—The Amescoas.

THE day after the affair of Mendaca we were assembled at Zuniga. Zumalacarregui bore an aspect as black as thunder, and gave out all his orders in a peculiarly ill-humoured tone. We were all looking at each other in that gloomy silence which usually prevails in an army after a defeat. From the countenance of the General down to the last drummer, it was easy to perceive in an instant that all was not right. The soldier was passing no jokes. The subalterns, particularly

steady at their posts, neither gathered in knots nor even smoked their cigarillos. A cloud seemed hanging on every brow. We were looking anxiously for our friends as the battalion defiled; for the night only having elapsed, it was impossible to say who was killed or wounded. As he passed, the captain of his company informed me of the death of Barrez. In the long narrow street which runs through the town of Zuniga—for it holds the rank of *villa*—I saw a young man, another friend, looking very pale; he had been wounded. Mr. Vial, whose father I believe was Spanish minister at the court of London, and who had behaved with great gallantry, was also wounded in the shoulder. An old Vendean captain, named Bezard, with whom I was very intimate, also came limping along; he had received a shot through the calf of the leg. It would be an injustice to pass over this gallant old soldier without a word to his memory.

One of those original and enthusiastic characters of which the Bocage furnished so many examples, he had sacrificed everything to his loyalty; and at

the age of fifty-five had given up his half-pay to go and fight the battles of legitimacy in Spain. In the time of Napoleon, he was one of those few young men who, undazzled by the glory which, in the eyes of the majority, legitimated his usurpation, always refused to serve the empire, and dissipated the greater part of his small patrimony in furnishing five successive substitutes for the conscription, enormously as they were then paid. This he said was the least part of the sacrifice he made to his opinion—for, as the most loyal families had been carried away by the stream, his behaviour was only imputed to cowardice. The restoration at length arrived, and then the hundred days of Napoleon's second reign. Bezard put himself at the head of a handful of peasants, and attacked the nearest post. In this affair, I have heard him say—and he was a man whose word those who knew him never for an instant doubted —that he had killed, with his own hand, *thirteen* of the enemy. It is certain, although he had never served before, that, for the gallantry he displayed in this achievement, he received a captaincy, and a

year or two before the revolution was placed on half-pay, being a captain still. It is difficult to account for the circumstance of a brave officer, thoroughly acquainted with his duty, and having made a campaign in Spain with the Duke D'Angoulême, never, during twenty years, having been promoted. It was, however, the ungrateful and foolish policy of the Bourbons, after the restoration, entirely to neglect the known Royalists, and only to court the favour of the Liberals—on the principle, that the first were already attached to them, and that they had to gain over the latter. If the birth-place of a petitioner was La Vendée, it was enough to ensure a refusal to his solicitations. The character of this wretched policy needs no comment, and has met with its own reward.

Bezard's regiment was a long time in garrison at Bayonne; and although his temper was rough and techy, I found that, on account of his sterling good qualities, he had acquired the friendship of the principal inhabitants, who all spoke of him in the highest terms. He had thrown up his half-

pay as captain, and armed with a double-barrelled fowling piece—although, as I have mentioned already, advanced in the vale of years—he came to serve Don Carlos as a simple volunteer, having crossed the frontiers when on a shooting party. His countenance opened at once the whole tale of his high and enthusiastic spirit—it might have been called something Quixotic—as many may smile at a man so bigoted to his political opinions as to leave his home and comforts at an age when they become most alluring, to prove that he was not a mere talker. Let a man's principles be what they may, even though what I should consider erroneous, still if, from a feeling of their truth, abandoning his interests, he can brave hunger, fatigue, and death, to support them in a strange land, he seems to me always entitled to some admiration and esteem.

Bezard reached the army during an action, and was remarked foremost with the guerilla by Zumalacarregui, who, struck by his tall figure, his round hat, and long great coat, in the midst of the uncouth Navarrese, observed his be-

haviour, and inquired who he was: no one could inform him. Zumalacarregui sent for him after the action, and inquired if he was in any corps. He replied, in such Spanish as he could recall from his campaign in the war of the constitution, "That he had come to serve Don Carlos in any capacity which was allotted to him; and, as he had arrived during the action, he had thought that it was no use to seek the General then." So pleased was Zumalacarregui with his behaviour and appearance, that, on inquiring the rank he had held in France, and being answered captain, without further investigation, he placed him as captain in the guides. This was far from being the General's habit; but he often took strong likings or dislikes on a first interview. He seems to have been a skilful physiognomist; as I believe he was deceived by few of those who had prepossessed him in their favour.

The bravery of Bezard, the deep interest he took in his company, and the strictness with which he attended to the service, it would have been difficult to surpass; and the cheerfulness with

which he supported every privation without murmur, showed a man really fighting from principle. More than once, when I have been shivering on my horse, or soaked through, I have smiled to see him bearing his fifty-five years and all the disagreeables of wind, cold, and rain, with a contented earnestness of countenance. His Roman nose and features, and tall, thin, and somewhat grotesque figure, mounted on his pony, and sitting quite erect, together with his ungartered stockings and short trowsers, showing his bare tanned legs, formed a striking and original picture. He had first seen most of the foreign officers at a sort of drinking party; and although, from his years of service, he must have been well accustomed to that sort of thing, he seemed to have been prejudiced against them, and I was almost the only person with whom he was on terms of intimacy.

I recollect, two or three days before the affair of Mendaca, Barrez was absent from the parade of the guides, who assembled on the platform of the church of Piedramillera; for all the usages of regular armies were, as far as possible, strictly

enforced. I had the instant before been conversing with him, as I happened to be walking on the platform, and, hearing him called for—I said to Bezard, "Where is Barrez? he has gone somewhere just at the moment when wanted." "I do not know," said he; "it is so much the worse for him; it serves him right for absenting himself." Rather piqued, I ventured to say, that I found it a very extraordinary thing that amongst a handful of Frenchmen in the army, who ought to look upon each other as brethren, there should be nothing but ill-will, antipathy, and jealousy; and that he should consider a French officer getting into any sort of difficulty should be a matter of such perfect indifference. He seemed rather huffed, I thought, at this; but in the evening came to sup with me according to previous appointment. He was remarkably grave, and we both ate in silence: at last he interrupted it by saying, "You were right this morning in what you said; it is sometimes hard to bear a rebuke from those so much younger than ourselves; but you were right—quite right."

Cordova, after his victory, hearing that Zumala-

carregui had only retired three miles, and was occupying Zuniga, flushed with his first success, resolved on attacking him again. As his intention was such, I have never been able to learn why he delayed it till the 15th, retiring from the Beruesa to Los Arcos, and sallying again on the 14th, unless he calculated on still further damping the courage of the Carlists, by leaving them for two days formed during a piercing cold, which they were obliged to endure, as Los Arcos, where his own men were in comfortable quarters, is not above two hours and a half's march from the bridge of Arquijas. Zuniga holds the rank of town, and is still surrounded by an old wall, although of inconsiderable extent: its position, and the inclosures of stone surrounding it, render it easy to be defended. It is in a sort of plain, or rather a piece of table-land, considerably higher than the Beruesa and the valley of Mendaca. To reach it, you must pass over some high and rugged hills, covered with a dense forest of arbutas and laurel, and other evergreens, whose tangled roots and branches twining amongst the rocks, independently of its steepness, render it

almost impassable, excepting by the road. The chief obstacle, however, is the river Ega, which runs rapidly between high banks. Although of very inconsiderable breadth and depth, in many parts there are holes, and the stream rushes with such force, that it is very difficult to cross. On the other side the hill is so steep and covered, that you have not three feet from the edge of the bank to form your men, who may be in a few minutes entirely destroyed from above. In short, excepting by the bridge of Arquijas and the fords about the little plain some five hundred yards long, extending from the bridge to the hermitage of that name on the opposite hill, if defended, it is impassable.

On the morning of the 15th, the piercing cold still continuing, I was sent out reconnoitring with the lancers of the escort; we swept down the valley nearly as far as Mendaca, retiring at safe distance, as we saw all the column advancing. Having dispatched, one by one, the greater part of the detachment, to give notice of every movement of the enemy, or to collect all the information they

could gather from the peasantry, we retired into the wood of *encina,* or evergreen oak, which commences on the plain. There were five-and-twenty men only, commanded by a sergeant, at least two miles from our advanced posts, standing very quietly round a large fire, although four or five thousand men of the advancing column were marching straight in that direction, and were not above six hundred yards off. I inquired of the sergeant what his orders were?—He said, to fire a few shots and retreat across the rocks skirmishing. He had all chosen men with him, stout, active fellows, joking and snatching the acorns * of the *encina* out of the hot embers with their fingers, taking the same amusement in it as children at snapdragon, and quite heedless of the impending action, and the dangerous situation in which, to the eyes of one unaccustomed to the agility of the guerillas, they seemed placed. "Come, take your muskets," said the sergeant to his men as we passed; "it is high time to post ourselves." This sergeant was a gallant fellow; he was a stu-

* These resemble the common acorn; when roasted they are sweeter even than the chestnut.

dent at Pampeluna, whence he made his escape, entered the ranks, and was afterwards promoted to a commission when in the hospital where he died, having had his arm shattered by a musket ball about half an hour after we left him. Notwithstanding his wound, he led his men back in safety, having executed his commission with the greatest intrepidity and success. He killed and wounded several of the enemy before they reached the hermitage of Arquijas, and shot the horse of a field-officer under him.

The hermitage or chapel stands quite alone in the wilderness; it something resembles that of William Tell at Cusnach. As our own advanced guard was at the bridge, we halted and dismounted, and a fire being still burning there, the men eagerly began their breakfast. My own was as frugal as theirs—a draught of brandy and some bread which my servant toasted in the embers. As I had eaten nothing since the previous mid-day, I never breakfasted with more appetite; and when an order came for us to withdraw immediately, which indeed it was high time for cavalry to do, as the

shot were already beginning to whistle about our ears from the enemy's skirmishers, who were clearing the road, I remember abandoning another piece of crust, which was just warming, with considerable regret.

It was by this time half-past eleven. The fourth battalion, and part of the third of Navarre, were stationed along the further bank of the Ega, were they were well sheltered by the trees. The rest of Zumalacarregui's force, amounting in all to eleven battalions, were distributed on the heights, or echeloned behind Zuniga in reserve. Six hundred horse were formed in the plain, between Zuniga, Orbiso, and Santa Cruz, which they entirely commanded. Cordova had sent forward one column under Oraa, by a long and tedious march, to attempt to take us in the rear by the Val de Llana. To let them gain time, he had delayed his attack till the hour I have mentioned. Zumalacarregui, who well knew that it would be four or five hours before there could be any danger from them, left there only a small force, the first, second, and third of Alava, under Villareal, trusting to his cavalry,

which was in high spirits, and burning to revenge the defeat of Mendaca, to command the plain. Zumalacarregui himself was before the gate of Zuniga, with the large masses of his force. His intention, I firmly believe, from his disposition, was to have charged them before they had been able to form in the plain, between Zuniga and the wood and ravine which leads down to the Ega, as I do not think he anticipated the obstinate defence the fourth battalion made of the passage of the river. Cordova, having reached the hermitage, planted there four field-pieces, and took possession of all the heights on his own side of the river, whence the firing soon became heavy between the enemy and our troops, who vigorously replied. Zumalacarregui now sent down the guides and a battalion of Castille, incessant efforts being made by Cordova to gain a footing on the little plain at the foot of the hermitage, whence his men were instantly swept like chaff before the wind.

For four hours the artillery of the enemy and the volleys rapidly succeeding each other were heard echoing amongst the hills like thunder. We

rode three or four times to the scene of action, to see the wounded carried off and afford them assistance; our men were still firm at their post; once it was a very interesting moment—the enemy had succeeded in forming two battalions of carabineers on the small piece of open ground which I have mentioned, formed by the winding of the river and the surrounding hills into a sort of amphitheatre —and a tremendous fire had been opened under cover of it; they were making a desperate push to cross the river; the slaughter as they advanced was very great; but the foremost succeeded in crossing the bridge, when they were charged at the bayonet by the guides, and driven back in the greatest disorder. The cries of about fourteen, who were cut off on this side of the river, I could distinctly hear from where I was standing,—"La vida! la vida! por la carita!"—"Quarter! quarter! in the name of charity!"—but no quarter was given. The enemy then retired for a moment; the bugles sounding through the din of action to cease the firing, and to prepare for fresh efforts.

Before Zuniga, as we returned with the General and his staff, a dead silence reigned.

The action was now to be decided at the bridge; and down the road two lines of troops were constantly moving, silently and in good order; one returning from the fire and bearing their wounded, and the other going to relieve the combatants. By this means Zumalacarregui constantly had fresh men entering the action. Amongst the wounded I shook hands, as he passed, with poor Bezard, who was carried by, the thigh bone of the same leg on which he had been wounded three days previously having been broken by a grape shot. He had persisted on entering the fight although very lame, and was struck as he was taking cartridges from the belt of a dead man, to give to one of his company, who complained he had no more.

In the cemetery of a ruined chapel they were burying two of our officers, who had died as they were bearing them to Zuniga. The bodies were not cold as they were stripped and wrapped in one cloak for a winding sheet. The stripping of both

friends and foes, by the Carlist soldiers, was a striking feature of this war, where one army was armed, equipped, and clothed, from the spoils of the other. All the dead bodies that you met with were entirely naked, and, on account of the white and livid appearance of the flesh, exhibited a spectacle infinitely more ghastly than they would otherwise have presented. Almost the instant a man had breathed his last, the spoilers were upon him, and he was stripped with a dexterity and quickness scarcely conceivable. This spectacle was to be seen sometimes during the hottest fire of an action. Even on the little plain between the bridge and hermitage of Arquijas, stragglers of our volunteers might be seen busily engaged, although more than one paid the penalty of his hardihood.

This rapacity at first much disgusted me, and gave the idea of an unconquerable spirit of plunder; but after a little while it seemed natural enough. Clothes, ammunition, shoes, arms, money, everything they were accustomed to take from the enemy; from him only were they to be got. When they asked for them from their leaders, they were

told, "There are the Christinos, take them!" This reply was more than once made to their complaints by Zumalacarregui himself. In other respects, I think I have mentioned already that, under such circumstances, perhaps never any army existed where so much honesty, sobriety, and order were to be found, on account of the extreme severity of discipline the Commander-in-Chief had introduced in that respect.

The firing, and the efforts of Cordova to cross the bridge, had been incessant till half past three in the afternoon: after being driven back over the bridge, he caused attempts to be made by fording. As soon as they reached the bank his men were, however, cut to pieces. The attack after this continued comparatively feeble, and, no doubt, the enemy, despairing of being able to pass, would have entirely desisted from it, had he not been awaiting the effect of Oraa's division, which already, by the puerto or defile of Gastrain, was entering the Val de Llana, to take us in the rear. A small column had also gained Santa Cruz di Campezzu, of course without cavalry. As on the other side of Santa

Cruz the ground is a level plain, and occupied by vineyards, three squadrons of cavalry were despatched thither, instead of being sent against Oraa.

Oraa meanwhile resolved on making a desperate push, and the Alavese, under Villareal, prevented only by the personal intrepidity of Ituralde from being routed, were giving back in some confusion, when Zumalacarregui himself, with the first battalion of Navarre, and the first of Guipuscoas, hurried to the scene of action. His appearance changed directly the fortune of the day; Oraa was driven back in some confusion. The battalions which had exhausted their cartridges at the bridge immediately advanced by order of Zumalacarregui; upon which the Queen's general, who found his men unable to keep their ground against the impetuosity of the two fresh battalions now attacking them, was little disposed to wait the approach of a force which, for aught he knew, was well supplied with ammunition, and precipitately retreated. Cordova, also, when night came on, was glad to retrace his steps, and lighting fires in the mountains on the other

side of the river, to make the Carlists believe that he intended passing the night there, fell back on Los Arcos, his army in a dreadful state of disorder, of which their own fatigue and the night coming on had prevented the Carlists from taking advantage. Cordova carried back with him three hundred and fifty wounded, and left above that number of dead on the field.

Of the column of Oraa I cannot speak with certainty; but its loss is supposed to have been much more considerable, and in wounded must inevitably have been so; for at the bridge, although the firing was tremendous during so many hours, fresh troops coming up constantly to relieve each other on both sides, the loss was comparatively insignificant, as on each side they were greatly protected by the rock and wood. The whole loss of the Christinos, in killed, wounded, and missing, was estimated at one thousand five hundred; that of the Carlists, which, as I was constantly up and down the line where the wounded were passing, I had some opportunity of calculating, I should estimate at four hundred. A great number of Christino officers

perished in proportion to the number of men. Close by the hermitage of Arquijas, three that had fallen there had been buried.

A Polish officer—the only one in the service—this day deserted to the enemy. The manner in which he had been treated, on account of the interest the story he had told us created, rendered this still more unpardonable. He had served in the army of Miguel, as several of the French officers had known him in Portugal; and he immediately received his lieutenancy from the King. Zumalacarregui placed him in the 6th battalion of Navarre. He had taken, he told us, an active part in the Polish revolution, as well as his family: they had, in consequence, been sent to Siberia, he alone having been able to effect his escape. His object in serving a cause that little interested him was, to obtain an attestation from Don Carlos, as he had from Don Miguel, of having served him faithfully—which was the only reward he looked for; and, throwing himself at the feet of the Emperor of Russia with these credentials, he hoped to obtain his father's release. He pretended that he

had come from the frontiers of Portugal by land, hiding by day, and travelling by night. He was a universal favourite; and we should all, I believe, have done anything to serve him. On his first disappearance, imagining him to have been taken prisoner, his loss was greatly lamented; and even Zumalacarregui, whom the story of his having come hundreds of leagues to fight in a strange land for a father's liberation had greatly interested, sent to Mina to make him offers of a most advantageous exchange, if his life were spared. A few days after, we were informed by the *confidentes* that he was well known by Mina, and had been all the time only a spy, who had fooled us all. He was then in some regiment in Pampeluna. When we knew this to be the case, we all wondered at our own stupidity, in not perceiving his falsehood at once, when he joined the army in a military undress, in which he pretended to have come from the frontiers of Portugal, sharp as the look-out on all strangers must have been by the police in the provinces through which he must have passed. This is the only foreign officer, I

must in justice add, who in any way misbehaved himself; and on that account it was still more deeply felt.

In the dusk of the evening I met Lacour; he accosted me with "Your friend Bezard is wounded." "I know it," said I; "he has the same leg broken in which he was wounded three days ago down in the plain." "Il en vouloit donc à cette malheureuse jambe il avoit juré de la laisser la." "He had a spite against that unfortunate limb; he had sworn to leave it there, it appears," said he, drily. I could not help smiling at his expression: he reminded me of the French soldier of fortune who was standing beside Charles XII. of Sweden, at the siege of Fredericshal, when he received his death-wound, and said, very coolly, "La pièce est jouée—allons maintenant souper."—"The piece is played out—let us to supper."

That night I slept at Orbiso on a table; it was desperately cold; and, in consequence, nearly all those who had received any severe wounds died. The cold and the snow, which was beginning to fall very fast, caused us to retire into the Amescoas,

the enemy being shut up in Estella, Los Arcos, and Viana, which had been fortified after the defeat of Carandolet there in the month of August previous. Rest was peculiarly acceptable, there being three feet of snow upon the ground; and, moreover, we could not have assumed the offensive for some time, from the want of ammunition; our manufactory in the Bastan and at Eckala, in the Amescoas, only producing a limited quantity daily, made from saltpetre and sulphur smuggled over the Pyrenees from France, by the *contrabandistas*, at 100 per cent. on the value. Gunpowder itself could not be got in France without so much risk of detection, that those who furnished us, entirely declined undertaking to send it in its manufactured state. This want of ammunition, which so often occurred, was another of those obstacles with which the great Carlist Chieftain had to battle. The soldiers in so many instances had only had the cartridges distributed to them an hour before entering action, that it was never known in the army when they really did fail. In consequence, the enemy could not take advantage, which he might

otherwise have done through his spies, of the critical situations in which this want had sometimes placed the Carlist army.

While we were in the Amescoas, learning by chance that Bezard was at Contrasta, I went thither to visit him. Although it was only nine miles, it took me nearly four hours, on account of the great depth of snow upon the roads, in most places from four to six feet. My horse fell or floundered about in it repeatedly. The villages I passed through were full of wounded, who had all been very insufficiently attended to: at Contrasta they were almost entirely neglected. I found Bezard in a miserable room, of which the shutters had been closed to keep out the cold wind: he was stretched on a mattress of maize-straw. He was attended only by a half idiotic servant, whom he had always persisted in retaining, Although he was evidently in great pain, he bore his sufferings with a resignation I have but rarely witnessed. I was shocked to learn, that although five days had elapsed since the action, excepting a bandage put on on the field, his wound had never been

dressed. The bed was full of blood, which was already in a putrid state; and the people of the house, like most of the peasantry, seemed afraid to meddle with his wound, though they expressed their good will, by bringing him quantities of food, which he could not touch. He said that he was well aware, from the neglect he had experienced, that his fate was sealed. "So," said he, "let the will of God be done." He did not repine; if things could happen over again, he would act, he said, as he had done; and although he had suffered much, he had no reason to regret death in such a cause. The day after his being wounded at Mendaca, he had received a letter, acquainting him with the death of his father, who had reached an extreme old age. In allusion to this, he observed, with a smile, "The saying of the old women in my country is true—'When one misfortune follows close on the heels of another, the third and greatest is always near.'"

My first impulse was to return to Eulate as quickly as the road would permit me. I went straight to Zumalacarregui, to whom I related

what I had seen. He flew into a violent passion. The head surgeon, to calm him, said that the person sent to dress his wound must have passed me on the road. This was untrue. He then wrote on a piece of paper an order, under *pena de la vida*, or pain of death, for all the surgeons I met to follow me. This order, given in his anger, showed how much he was carried away by his feelings; for, if I had chosen literally to make use of the mandate, and take with me all the medical attendants of the several hundred wounded in the intermediate villages to compensate one act of injustice and neglect, he would have forced them to commit many more.

Having taken up two surgeons on the road, and two servants, one of whom was a Frenchman, and an excellent nurse, I immediately returned to Bezard, although much fatigued, and almost frozen with cold. About half an hour after we had been there, the staff-surgeon and an aide-de camp came from the General; the latter to bring him a sum of money, in case he should be in want of any. The surgeons spoke with confidence to him, of

curing his wound; but he was not deceived, and if they had been in earnest in their assertions, I had seen sufficient of their want of skill to know that it was a hopeless case. He begged of me constantly not to omit to learn how his company was going on. I always answered, that we were too much interested about him to think of his company. The last words of the old soldier were, to beg of me not to forget to deliver to the colonel of the Guides, Torres, his message—reminding him that, at the last distribution of great coats (for the guides were now regularly dressed), his company had received twenty-one less than their number: "the poor fellows," added he, "must want them this weather."

The next day my duty called me on an expedition, to cut off a foraging party of horse peseteros in the vicinity of Estella. We succeeded in capturing four, but they escaped, on account of their horses being rough shod; and this precaution having been neglected as to ours, on attempting to pursue, several fell, and blocked up the road. We had two killed that day, by missing their footing and rolling

down a ravine. Meanwhile, Bezard was removed to the regular hospital at Narque, in the Val De Rana, where, three days after, he expired. On account of several signal acts of bravery, and the interest his devotion to the cause had excited, he was made knight of San Fernando. The diploma, however, only arrived the day after his death; so that he had not the satisfaction of knowing anything about it.

The arrival of Mina, fourth on the list of generals who had failed in their efforts against the revolted provinces, when he came to throw the colossal reputation he enjoyed in those countries into the scale in favour of the Queen, created some apprehension in the Carlist party in Spain, and was considered, beyond the Pyrenees, as a decisive event. But Zumalacarregui, well acquainted with his character and the real extent of his talent, shared none of those forebodings, and spoke with a degree of confidence and assurance in which it was not his habit to indulge. He was generally very modest in the terms in which he expressed himself,

either before or after an engagement. Sometimes when he first met with a new general in the field, he would express himself ironically nearly in the following terms:—"Ah, there is general such a one—I have heard much of him—I do not doubt his superior talent at all—but we must try; perhaps some of us may escape from the action." When Mina took the command, he several times repeated, "I had rather have to deal with him than anybody; others give me much trouble in guessing their movements and combinations; those of Mina I know beforehand." Mina, indeed, was an old fox, but he had to deal with one who knew his earths well, and circumstances had widely changed since the war of independence. Intimately acquainted with the country, he has much talent as a guerrilla chief, and for a warfare carried on in the style of that which at this day Merino wages. But in the present conflict he was like a man skilful in the exercise of one weapon, wielding another to which he has never been accustomed; and found himself at the head of regular armies, playing the

same game the French had played against him—which, by experience, he knew to be a most hopeless one.

If Mina had found himself at the head of the Carlist insurrection, at the pitch to which Zumalacarregui had brought it after four or five months—although I doubt whether he would, before that period, have prevented it from being crushed in its cradle—he would probably have remained carrying on a more desultory mode of warfare to this day in the provinces, but without making those rapid advances in which the Guipuscoan General succeeded—advances not in point of territory, but of strength; for Zumalacarregui always looked upon the provinces as the arena where the quarrel, not only of legitimacy and usurpation, but of the partisans of the liberal form of government and of municipal tyranny against those of an absolute form and of municipal freedom and ancient privileges, was to be decided. From the very beginning, he said "that Navarre was the battle-field where Madrid must be won or lost;" and to that territory he confined himself, as the most favour-

able to his purpose. He commenced by defeating the smaller divisions of the enemy's army—assuming, day by day, a more imposing attitude, until he at last ventured to await all their combined force under Valdes, and ended by driving it so completely out of the field, that he was allowed to capture all those garrisons which could not escape, to St. Sebastian or Pampeluna, without an effort being made to prevent him. A feeble reserve, and some uncertain regiments, only interposed between him and Madrid. He then successively attacked and took the different fortified places, principally for the artillery and cartridges they contained, which were necessary for the long march he intended commencing on the capital; and such was the terror he had struck into the Queen's party, that he would probably have reached Madrid without a single shot being fired. Eight or nine thousand men might have kept Valdes and all the force of the provinces entirely in check; and he could have led twenty thousand men through the two Castilles. His untimely end, besides the blow it was to his own party, restored

to the enemy all their moral force. The army of Valdes, which, from its total demoralization and the discouragement that pervaded its ranks, was as useless as if entirely destroyed, became, as soon as Zumalacarregui's death was known, again an army nearly as formidable as before its defeat; it was as if twenty thousand men for the Queen had started into life. While Zumalacarregui was alive, they were afraid to meet him again on any terms; but, after his death, they drove the Carlists from the ground at Mendigorria, on the 16th of July.

All this proved, that in keeping for so many months so cautiously within the same circle, Zumalacarregui had judged well; and this has given rise to the idea, that he was a mere mountain chieftain—a second Mina. There was, however, a wide difference between the two. Mina, when placed at the head of a regular army, seemed entirely lost. I am not reproaching him with his want of success; for his knowledge of the kind of warfare carried on by the enemy tended only to discourage him, as it served to show the impossibility of all remedy against it. The nature of the

country, and the devotion of the inhabitants, were formidable weapons, and he knew, full well, how to have used them, and how they were used against his army; but this was to him of no avail; for, against the popular cause, it was impossible for him ever to apply them. Most of the Queen's generals, indeed, were not ignorant of the reason why it became impracticable to pursue—to cut off —to surround—or to disperse, beyond a few minutes, the Carlists; but over these causes they had no control. Other officers, as well as Mina, possessed ample knowledge of the rapid modes of conveying despatches and orders, and thereby forming combinations; but that knowledge was of no use; they might give their *partes* or despatches to the peasantry, but as there was no commanding the good will of the people, and as neither gold nor menaces could work on their stubborn dispositions, it was only giving their despatches into the hands of their enemies. The veterans of the Christinos knew every path and glen, but they dared not cross these with a few armed men, as in the times when they had the inhabitants in their

favour, without the certainty of being cut off. Wherever they marched with a large force,—men, women, and children dispersed as spies in every direction, and gave intelligence of their approach.

Mina, I therefore repeat, cannot be reproached with his want of success; but with having done less than any of the other generals. Zumalacarregui, instead of confining himself to the almost predatory warfare of the other chiefs and of Mina during his war against the French, in everything attempted to regularize his army, and only fought in the mountain because he was too weak yet to enter on the plain. His object was, not to maintain himself like Merino, but to form an army that might fight its way to Madrid, which was his grand object. Instead of risking his force in Castille, by advancing, he waited until they had been obliged to send everything against him in the provinces—to conquer them on his own ground, where he could fight the battle to such advantage. Until the defeat of Valdes, the destruction of the divisions of Oraa, Iriarte, and Espartero, at the siege of Villafranca, he had never really been in a

situation prudently to take the plains of Castille; and then it was his intention to have marched on Madrid.

Mina did less than the other generals, from want of military talent, or at least military knowledge. Zumalacarregui, who, as colonel, was known to have studied deeply *la tactica Francesa*, as the tactics of a regular army are termed, was not kept in the mountains by ignorance in this respect, but from the superior number of his enemies—the difficulty of disciplining his troops,—want of arms, ammunition, cavalry, and artillery,—all indispensable in a flat country. These obstacles he had at last overcome, excepting the two last; and these he had in great part conquered. The reputation he has won was earned while he was forming an army; and at the moment that, from the spoils of his enemy, and the rude materials afforded him, he had fashioned one to his own hands, at the moment that, having fortunately struggled through difficulties almost unparalleled in the history of war, considering the means of success at his disposal—he died.

I forget which of the Christino generals it was, who, surprised at the discipline the Carlist troops displayed during some affair at an early stage of the war, said of him, "That man would make soldiers out of the trees, if he had no other materials." Mina also, whether to palliate his own disgrace, or from a nobler motive, on retiring from his command to Montpellier, did him justice. On hearing of his death, he said publicly, that, as a partisan, he rejoiced,—but, as a Spaniard, he was inclined to weep; for Spain had lost a man upon whose like—*pour de longues années elle ne reverroit pas*—for many a long year she would not look again. What had always given Zumalacarregui the greatest uneasiness during the first year of the war was the fear of French intervention. In that case, he said, he would assemble all his battalions, and disband them, excepting six, recommending each man, as he was a true Spaniard, to bury his musket against a future day. These six he would disperse into the mountains, and, leading a complete guerrilla life, wandering all over Spain from one chain to another,

he doubted not of being able to escape all the efforts of his enemies to take him; and to be ready, as soon as the storm was over, and the foreign torrent had swept by, to recommence, and descend into a less inaccessible country to arouse that spirit of the Spanish people, which may be kept down, but never crushed—and would only glow the more intensely from the attempt to suppress it.

CHAPTER II.

Conveyance of Despatches—Junction of the Christino Army—Disposition of Carlist Troops—Battle of Segura—Burying the Dead—A night Surprise—Lacour's promotion—Retreat of the 3rd January—Destruction of the Regiment of Granada—Pursuit of the Enemy.

On the 2nd of January, 1835, we were in Villa-real of Guipuscoa; so called, to distinguish it from Villa-real of Alava, and innumerable other Villa-reals in Spain. We had spent there new year's day, and were, as usual, tolerably ignorant of the movements of the enemy. Indeed, the whole army had such confidence in the General, that there were few who interested themselves about what the enemy was doing, except when forming in battle. We, however, learned that a column had slept at Oñate, where at first it was supposed we were going, the day before. At ten the march was beat, and cartridges distributed, which, joined to several other circumstances, occasioned a report that we were to have a brush; circumstances, indeed, rendered it

probable. Zumalacarregui had quietly marched with only four battalions and a squadron of horse to a place near the vicinity of Bergara, Bilboa, St. Sebastian, and Villafranca, which were all strongly garrisoned, and could easily unite so overpowering a force, that it was unlikely they would allow him to return unmolested. We took the high road to Vittoria. The soldiers were in high spirits on leaving the province, where, as it produced no wine, they had only received half rations. The patronas were all at their doors and windows, waving their hands, and expressing their best wishes to their lodgers as they defiled.

On the road, several peasants came running up to the General; two of them delivering up the "*partes*," despatches of the Christinos, for which they obtained receipts, and departed. The Queen's generals, as I have stated, attempted the same mode for the conveyance of their orders and despatches as the Carlists; but in vain. The documents were usually given to the alcalde or regidor, to forward, on pain of death, from village to village, until they reached the division to which they

were addressed. Obliged to receive them, the peasant who was pitched upon as messenger, left the village, but went straight in search of the Carlists, gave his papers up, and asked for a certificate that he had been stopped. If he had been inclined to have acted otherwise, he would have feared that his own relations—nay, that the very stones would denounce him.

One of these "*partes*" announced, what the peasants confirmed to us, the junction of the four columns of Espartero, Jauregui, Lorenzo, and Carratala, uniting, in all, a force of upwards of twelve thousand men. It was addressed to the governor of Vittoria, and concluded by stating, that the arch rebel was at last fairly hemmed in without possibility of an escape; and that he must perish inevitably with all his division, not amounting to three thousand men. Certainly the Carlist force was not undervalued. Having reached the village of Ormaistegui, the birth-place of the General, we took to the right, and halted on the steep mountain which affords the only passage to the valley, at the further end of which is the small town of

Segura. The hill, which is bold and steep, is entirely naked; but as it is used for pasture ground, it is divided into a number of fields, all surrounded by walls of loose stones, which separate the herds of cattle. Although it does not appear so at first sight, it is, in fact, a position of amazing strength, if held by an adequate number of men to defend it, as the walls form a succession of parapets and natural defences.

Here Zumalacarregui formed the guides of Navarre and the sixth battalion, sending the third on to take possession of Segura, which, just touching the mountain on the opposite side of the valley, would have been vigorously defended if the position on the first mountain had been forced. The fourth battalion of Guipuscoa was on a hill to the right of the plain, between the two ridges, where they could alike prevent the possibility of the first being turned, or with the cavalry protect the retreat if it had become necessary, from one to the other. This, at first, would have appeared a difficult thing to have attempted without entire destruction, had it not been that the road down was so steep that the

enemy's cavalry could only have come *pas à pas*, and Segura would have been reached before they were on level ground, where horse could pursue; whereas one squadron was quite enough to keep their infantry, disorderly as they must have been when they reached the bottom, in check, while unsupported. It was evident from all these dispositions that the General intended to make them pay for their passage dearly, and give them another repetition of the affair of the bridge of Arquijas. The disparity of numbers alone seemed startling. There were barely one thousand seven hundred men of the three thousand who could be actually engaged, and the enemy, who by this time was in the village of Ormaistegui, and along the royal road, was above twelve thousand in number, with artillery and mountain-pieces.

The soldiers seemed rather uneasy, and were wondering what could be the use of exposing them there, when Segura offered a position so near the mountains, and afforded so favourable a retreat. The General, however, had his private reasons for wishing to make as vigorous a stand as possible,

there or thereabouts, as next day he expected Iturralde with a strong division on their rear from the Borunda.

The confidence and sang-froid which Zumalacarregui displayed, in some measure inspired the soldiers, as they saw the dark masses of the Christinos moving upwards from the road and taking possession of each side of the gorge. The fire had already been opened some time by the guerrillas, or tirailleurs, and ours had been gradually retiring as the enemy advanced, firmly but slowly. The columns of El Pastor or Jauregui and Espartero were those which attacked, I believe, on the right, where the guides of Navarre were stationed, part in reserve, just sheltered by the brow of the hill, and the rest lining the stone walls on the left. In that case, it must have been Lorenzo and Carratala who attacked the sixth battalion, but their efforts were throughout feeble, compared with those which were made on the right, where a tremendous fire had now opened on both sides. Under continued volleys of musketry and grape, the enemy, with some loss, got possession of several stone walls,

which we had not men enough to defend, and the greatest exertions were made to carry the fences behind which part of the guides were sheltered. Some of the Christino officers behaved on this occasion with the utmost bravery in attempting to lead on their men, who seemed emulating the peseteros, and other tag-rag of which El Pastor's column was composed. Three officers of one company were shot down successively in attempting to lead it across, as they presented themselves entirely uncovered, urging their men on sword in hand

The Carlists kept up a rolling fire, and then a *feu de peloton,* with a regularity and order almost incredible in such half-disciplined troops, and which I thought they would have been incapable of exhibiting during a review. Zumalacarregui, his whip in hand, for he seldom drew his sword, was galloping entirely exposed behind the lines, exhorting them to keep firm. *A ver que no passan, muchachos!* (Let us see that they do not pass, my lads!) *No passaran! no passaran!* (They shall not pass! they shall not pass!) replied the men. In the midst of the fire two captains of guides

and fourteen men rushed down to take possession of a little piece of wall; thirteen reached it, and being partly sheltered, kept up a galling fire at thirty yards from the enemy, until only six returned, and those mostly wounded. The captain of the first company, Morrales, was killed, and Captain Sabatier wounded in the shoulder; the company were consequently obliged to retire. Finding that they were losing many men and only encouraging the enemy, the Christino Generals, who began to find that in catching "Uncle Tomas" they had caught a Tartar, ordered a simultaneous charge at the bayonet to be made on both sides, to force the position by one bold push. Accordingly the carabineros and peseteros of Jauregui's division ran in upon the Carlists with considerable fierceness and determination; but the fire of the guides, which continued admirably regular, waxed warmer and warmer as they rushed forward. The commandant of the peseteros and numerous officers fell, which occasioned a moment of indecision, and was immediately taken advantage of. A few voices amongst the guides crying, "a la bayonetta," the

tables were turned, and the whole battalion rushing down to meet them half way entirely dispersed them, retaking even to the lowest wall, and leaving more than a hundred of the enemy, whom they bayoneted, dead on the space between. Having once drawn blood with cold steel, the guides, as they were opposed chiefly to the peseteros and carabineers, who were held in particular terror and detestation, became so animated that three times during the successive efforts the Christinos made with reinforcements to regain their footing on the heights, where, in spite of the Carlist fire they formed in considerable masses, they were driven back and dispersed at the point of the bayonet with considerable slaughter, Zumalacarregui exhorting them "To spare the lead and use the iron."

So effectual had been the third dispersion, that the enemy hastily moved his artillery from the opposite height, and the retreat was ordered—disorder and discouragement being evidently in his ranks. The Carlist General with difficulty restrained his men; but as, by this time, night was

coming on, and they were fatigued, and almost without a cartridge, he feared the enemy's rallying further on, when he saw the immense disparity of numbers; and was on so much more favourable ground.

I must not here omit to mention the behaviour of a gallant little corneta (or bugleman) of the battalion of the guides, who, exposed to all the fire, considerably amused and encouraged the soldiers, by the rapid changes of the tunes he played. *Halto el fuego*—to stop the fire, when that of the enemy slackened;—*Retirada,* or retreat, when they gave way; and when they attempted to storm the position, the "fandango."

On the left wing, the 6th battalion had been much more feebly attacked, but had stood their ground equally well. The horse of Pablo Sanz, the colonel, had been shot under him, as he was talking to Zumalacarregui: it was one which had belonged to the grandee Via Manuel, taken prisoner at the rocks of St. Faustus. When the enemy attempted to force the whole line at the bayonet, the regiment of St. Ferdinand advanced with

considerable resolution; but, on being met half way by five companies which descended, the courage of the men failed them, and the whole regiment wavered, and gave way. Sanz, a number of officers, and about a hundred men pursued them—and if they had been seconded by the whole of the battalion—which, less daring than the guides, was alarmed at the numerical superiority of the enemy, and seemed afraid to go too far from its old position—the whole regiment might have been destroyed. The handful who advanced with their officers, finding themselves unsupported, although quite close to the enemy, who was retiring in disorder, instead of completing it by striking with their bayonets, stopped to load and fire. It is true, "*à brule pourpoint*" from the enemy, who, rallied by their officers, effecting their retreat in something like order, at last obliged the Carlists to retire. Although judged imprudent to pursue, it was glorious for seventeen hundred men to have repulsed, after seven hours' hard fighting, more than eight times their number, commanded by four generals of some reputation, and leading

some of the best troops of the Queen's army. Her generals, it is said, came to such high words, that it was reported two of them (Pastor and Espartero) even pulled each other by the hair, each attributing to the other the disgraceful issue of their intended capture of the Carlist chief, of which they were in confident expectation. He might have said, like the French dragoons at Lyons, or the bear to the hunters—"*Qu'il étoit promis, mais non pas encore livré.*"* Determined, however, to attempt the passage again next day, they retired, and encamped in the village of Ormaistegui and along the royal road. The Carlists took up their quarters in Segura and Segama.

At day-break I was sent with a few lancers to see that the peasants buried the dead. Several trenches had already been filled; but opposite the right of our position two were covered up, in one of which were ninety, and in the other forty bodies,

* On the entry of the allies into Lyons, the French dragoons, imagining that they had been sold by their generals, exclaimed, "Nous sommes vendus, mais pas encore livrés."

nearly all having been killed by bayonet wounds. I fancied that their countenances seemed more distorted than those who died from shot. They were nearly all stark naked. I recognized the commandant of peseteros, however, by his red trowsers, which, having been pierced in two places, and entirely saturated with blood, had not been taken off, but about the fob had been ripped open with a knife. He was a fine military looking man; his mouth, from which a stream of blood had flowed, was wide open, and his corpse exhibited a ghastly appearance. Most of those who had been shot during the action were carried off and buried by the enemy behind their lines, which accounted for our finding none in the places where their masses had been formed, and must have suffered terribly, but the earth, newly turned up in innumerable places, showed where they were at rest. From what I saw, and the number of places where our horses' feet had sunk in the mould, I should not estimate the loss of the enemy at less than 400 dead, and certainly 600 or 700 wounded. That of the Carlists, in killed and wounded, was about

350, the dead being more than a third of the number; for, as behind the boundaries of stone, the head and shoulders only were exposed, a great proportion of the wounds were mortal. The General having sent to know how many dead the enemy had left on the field, his messenger counted 260 on the hill. Knowing how apt his people were to exaggeration, according to his custom, he said, "*Put half the number in the bulletin :*" but as those who framed those documents were unwilling to allow the enemy this advantage, they made things square, by ridiculously diminishing our own loss, and often augmenting that of the enemy in wounded and prisoners, if they were not allowed to set down the largest number reported to have been slain. Amongst the wounded were three French officers, two of guides, and one of the 4th battalion of Guipuscoa, which, considering the small number of French serving in the Carlist army—not exceeding twenty—is another proof, to add to the many I can give, of the gallantry with which they always behaved.

On returning, I met with a French ensign named Guetier de Lacour, who, out of compliment to the daring feat he had performed, had been invited to breakfast with the General. As I shall have more than once occasion to speak of this officer, and he is one of the well known characters in the Carlist army, a word respecting his history may not be *mal-à-propos*. Of an ancient but poor family, he ran away from his home at an early age, enlisted, and, from the rank of drummer, rose to be maître-d'armes and first serjeant. Being, unfortunately like many troopers, addicted to the bottle, this propensity alone retarded his promotion to the grade of commissioned officers, who, in the French army, are all raised from the ranks. He deserted from the 4th legion, which was then at Bayonne, on hearing of the war in Spain, and presented himself to Zumalacarregui, with whom I have already mentioned his first interview. At the surprise of Viana he placed himself almost touching the chasseurs of the guard, who were divided from him by a trench, and were all firing on him with their carbines and pistols, and discharged a musket which he had

taken up, eight or ten times with deadly effect—going through the exercise while loading as precisely as if on parade—for the edification of his men. He afterwards distinguished himself by many acts of bravery; and as he was looked upon as a perfect desperado, he had been sent the night before, when the enemy had retired to Ormaistegui, at least five miles from our lines, to cut off their outposts, with fifty men; a thing which was rendered very dangerous from the number of free troops (Peseteros, Chapelgorries, &c.) who were with Jauregui's column, and who, being intimately acquainted with the country, it was feared would intercept him. As he described it to me, having buckled on a cartridge belt, and taken a musket himself, he followed the road until in sight of the enemy, who, being scarcely able to lodge their staff-officers in the village, were scattered round their bivouac fires all along the road. When he was within three hundred yards, he perceived two peasants descending into the village, who were challenged and admitted. The fear of their being spies who were giving information, considerably alarmed his men,

which prevented Lacour from doing what he might otherwise have done, and obliged him, being determined, as he said, "not to leave without wishing them good night, to commence operations more precipitately than he had intended." Advancing through the field where, as it was already dark, they were enabled to march to within fifty yards without being discovered; and, having exhorted the men to aim well at the dusky figures of soldiers, thrown out by the glare of their fires, he poured in a murderous volley. The confusion that followed may be imagined, several of the men falling dead with their faces on the hot ashes. As no shot could be fired, according to the regulation in the Christino army, without the order of their generals, the officers commenced by extinguishing the fires, kicking away the fagots and the pots which were ranged round them, and contained the soldiers' supper, in all directions. His men having fired six cartridges each, Lacour, who rightly judged that, as soon as the confusion had a little subsided, and they found that it had been such a partial discharge, they would detach

the Chapelgorries after them, now precipitately retreated, passing, in spite of every obstacle, through the stream, and straight across the woods and ravines. If he had not done so, a thousand yards further on, the paths had all been cut off; but the enemy were afraid to pursue him. I must not omit to state, that Lacour had passed between their out-posts, and opened fire on the main body of the troops that were bivouacking. He regained Segura without losing a man, having killed, as our spies next day informed us, seventeen men, two serjeants, and a captain, besides the wounded. Lacour, on going to make his report, found Zumalacarregui at breakfast; he insisted on Lacour's joining him, and praised his courage, while he was pressing him to do justice to his repast.

"As I had scarcely drunk a pint of brandy," said Lacour, "to keep out the morning dew—eating without drinking was very dry work—so I gave my neighbour, whom fortune placed nearer the bottle, a hearty slap on the shoulder, saying, 'Pour us out something to drink, my friend;' it

was the General Guibelalde. Imagining I did not know him, he took the opportunity of telling me so afterwards; but as Zumalacarregui was smiling on me, of course all was sunshine. '*Lacour is a great favourite with us all,*' observed one; '*it is he who took four men and a corporal at Vittoria.*' '*Lacour is a true soldier,*' said the General. '*Yes, General,*' replied he; '*it is Lacour here, and Lacour there, when there is anything to be done; but when it is to change the epaulette from the left shoulder to the right—no Lacour then.*' 'I have taken care of you; you must have a little patience—your commission of lieutenant is with the King.' 'It has been with the King a long time,'" observed the ensign, drily. Zumalacarregui, who knew the truth of the observation, said something aside to his secretary; and the next evening he received his commission, and ten pieces of gold to distribute to his men.

On the morning of the 3rd, about ten o'clock, to our surprise, we were informed that the enemy's columns were again in motion. Two battalions were formed in battle on the plain; so that they

could fall back on Segura, which was intended to have been vigorously defended. Zumalacarregui resolved to give in slowly, until he had brought the enemy to develope all his forces in the little plain. If he could have occupied him till the arrival of Ituralde, who would have taken the mountain in his rear (the one which had been the day before defended), and could cut him off from the royal road, the Christinos would have been completely hemmed in. The latter, finding the heights abandoned, hastily took possession of them, imagining, no doubt, that we must have suffered equally with themselves the previous day. Here they deployed all their force in battle array; for more than three hours they did not venture to descend, and then not till they had, with some difficulty, cleared away our skirmishers, and driven back with their artillery several companies who had taken possession of a little chapel and a few houses, whence they could be annoyed. Suddenly, as we were expecting every minute that the game would begin in earnest, they precipitately retreated. The Christino generals, it appears,

were informed just in time that, in two hours, they would have been taken in the rear, and now saw clearly through the plan of the Royalist General. Intelligence of the entire destruction of the regiment of provincials of Grenada, who were on their march to cross the Ebro, had also reached them; and the fear of its getting bruited amongst their men also added to their anxiety.

This regiment, of which the men were all volunteers, and of "Sans-culotte" opinions, had made themselves notorious by the massacre of the monks at Madrid, and afterwards, having begged to be sent against the Carlists, were marching northward. Zumalacarregui, having determined, at all hazards —knowing the effect it would have on the people —to strike a blow against them, despatched Eraso for that purpose, who, crossing the Ebro, succeeded in surprising them. Of the whole regiment, only seventeen, including the Count de Campo-Verde, the colonel, escaped; and as it was said that he had taken the command after the massacre of Madrid, it was looked upon by the population of the north as an evident judgment; and it was said

that the seventeen who had escaped were innocent of the sacrilegious murders. A hundred and seventy prisoners were brought, a day or two after, to Mondragon, where we were: they were all shot; amongst them were thirteen officers. Several of these Eraso had executed at the further end of the Puente-Nuevo, the bridge within gun-shot of Bilboa. The peasantry, so exasperated were they, hung them up in their uniforms; and when Espartero was retreating on Bilboa, the first thing that met his van-guard were their bodies dangling on the trees: they were immediately cut down, and hidden in a hut, that the sight might not discourage the army.

Zumalacarregui, although disappointed—well knowing the cause of their retreat, and that it must be effected almost entirely along the high road—instantly pursued them. The scene would have seemed a farce to any one who could have looked down from the mountain, as the Carlists, to the number of about two thousand, pursued on the rear of a column of twelve thousand men, who were attempting to cover their masses on the road by

detached companies on the heights on either side. The squadron of the General's escort was now ordered to pursue, and charged, advancing full gallop through the guides and 1st battalion, who opened right and left to make way. The enemy, finding what confusion and dismay were in their rear, took advantage of an open space on their right and the winding of the highway, to rally the regiment of El Principe, of which one battalion formed in a treble line,—swept the road by such a sharp fire, that the pursuers were brought to a dead halt, and the stragglers were enabled to reach the shelter of their line. At this moment I saw Zumalacarregui, who, with his staff, the cavalry, and some foot-soldiers of the 1st, was endeavouring to animate them on, struck by two bullets, one of which grazed his wrist, and the other went through his fur jacket. At this moment they were so plentifully bounding along the road, shivering the stones, and cutting the brushwood, that several times the soldiers were driven back as they attempted to form on turning the corner of the rock. Having given me the order to support

the infantry, and to take a few determined men, I made the attempt with seven lancers, and was fortunate enough to succeed in my undertaking with the loss of two men, and three horses wounded. Dashing on full gallop, we took possession of two houses on the road, spearing the Chapelgorries who were defending it ; the rest either fled or retired into the houses. A few foot-soldiers quickly came up, and as we had taken so good a position, the enemy thought proper rapidly to retreat. They were pursued till ten o'clock at night, to the vicinity of Bergara. The road was covered with many thousand chakos and innumerable knapsacks and muskets. Indeed, after passing through Villa-Real, it became, from a defeat, changed into a perfect rout : unfortunately, there were too few Carlists to take advantage of it. The enemy having speedily abandoned another turn of the road, which they had at first made a show of defending—of which we were by no means sure, however, and unwilling to compromise the men with me, till the infantry, who were a few hundred paces behind, could come up—I galloped on to

reconnoitre, and found that they had got on still further than I imagined, and in the distance I perceived a little band of about forty men, who, with Lacour at their head, were crossing the rivulet. I joined them. We entered Villa-Real while the enemy was yet in it, having previously dispersed at the point of the bayonet one detachment which endeavoured to sustain the retreat, and kept pursuing at last in total darkness, on the rear of the whole army, killing and making prisoners a considerable number. We ran at one time some risk from the guides, who, finding Villa-Real empty, and not aware that any Carlist force had passed through it, came down to the number of five companies, along the bank of the river, which, as the road turns off at right angles to the left, is a shorter cut; and, in the twilight, mistaking us for a part of the enemy's rear-guard, opened a heavy fire on us. It was only by reiterated shouts of "Viva Carlos Quinto!" that we could undeceive them. One of the Christino divisions took to the right the road of Villafranca; and the rest,

after sheltering in Bergara, next day marched on to Bilboa and St. Sebastian.

The result of the actions of the 2nd and 3rd must have furnished matter of some reflection to the Queen's generals; who found that, whether in Navarre or the other provinces, they had to do with something more than merely a guerrilla chief; and how dangerous it would be to face him with anything like even numbers. This battle also entirely dissipated the terror which still lingered in our troops, respecting the Peseteros, Chapelgorries, and Carabineros, who seemed to have thenceforth entirely lost their spirit; as from that date ceased all the excursions they were in the habit of making about the country. For this action, Charles V., at the recommendation of Zumalacarregui, was pleased to confer on me the order of knighthood of St. Ferdinand.

CHAPTER III.

Attack on the heights of Orbiso—Colouring of Musket Barrels—A Day's Service with the Infantry—The Rout—Nocturnal Expedition—Casting of Cannon—Defeat of Oraa—Cruelty of Mina.

Towards the middle of January, 1835, the Carlists assembled in some force round Maëstu, as if for the purpose of investing it; while Zumalacarregui, with four battalions, kept about Santa Cruz and Orbiso, ready to occupy the position of Zuniga and the bridge of Arquijas, where Cordova had been defeated on the 15th of the preceding month. His aim at this time was to entice the enemy into action as often as possible, merely for the sake of the loss their ranks would probably sustain. Contrary to all the usual rules of warfare, he had no further object immediately in view. There were no positions that he cared either to win or defend, excepting as far as the accidents of the ground sheltered his own men and rendered the destruction of his adversaries greater. His great

skill, his knowledge of the country, and many other circumstances to which I have referred in other parts of this narrative, enabled him, in every case, to render the loss of the enemy infinitely greater than his own, even when he was defeated. Of this I shall give an example.

A considerable force, at least about ten thousand men, from Los Arcos, occupied the Beruesa, but seemed unwilling to attempt the passage of Arquijas so soon after their first defeat there. Zumalacarregui in consequence retired from Zuniga to Orbiso, politely ceding them the passage. As he had foreseen, they immediately took possession of Zuniga; and having once passed the formidable spot, had no hesitation in immediately attacking Zumalacarregui, who, they were informed, was with only four battalions, or two thousand eight hundred men, in Orbiso, something less than two miles off. Orbiso is separated from Zuniga by a wide and fertile plain, covered with vines, excepting on the right, where it is skirted by a wood of *encina*. It stands at the foot of a rather steep hill, over which runs the road to Contrasta. To the right,

mountains, which are thickly covered with arbutus, bar the passage; on the left of the hill, which is covered with low shrubs, are also other inaccessible positions, divided from it by a fearful ravine or defile, where a host might be destroyed by only rolling down on them the rocks from above. His flanks thus protected, Zumalacarregui, with two battalions, took up his position on the hill. The other two he placed either in reserve, or with the object of exposing fewer men in action. The name of the leader of the adverse side, in this affair, has escaped my memory. I believe, however, it was Lorenzo. Whoever it was it matters little, for no general could have seen, with ten thousand men under his orders, such an insignificant force daring him to the fight, without attacking them. The guides of Navarre and a battalion of Alavese had possession of the hill, expecting the fray with an indifference which never augured so well as when they were hot and enthusiastic. From Zuniga to Orbiso, a plain, which occupies the space between, was entirely covered by the advancing column. The dark

masses slowly crept along, and in the distance were only discernible by the glitter of their arms.

I must here observe that, unimportant as it may seem, the English mode of browning the musket-barrels, which most foreign armies keep bright, is of very great advantage in a campaign, although the polished barrel has, perhaps, a more martial appearance. The guns when browned are, in the first place, more easily kept in order; but especially the march of troops, which is often betrayed by the shining arms, when the troops themselves are not discernible to the naked eye, or even the telescope, is more easily concealed. In a mountainous country I have had oftener occasion to remark this circumstance than in a district of plains.

In front of Orbiso passes a rivulet which, if I remember rightly, I have during the summer seen dry, but which, swelled by the winter rains, attains the width of thirty feet or more, as its bed of pebbles indicates. The enemy approached it without opposition, but here a company of the guides, dispersed in guerrillas, disputed for a few minutes the passage. It was, however, quickly crossed by a

squadron of cavalry, and we fancied for a moment that they had been cut off, as the plain was distant about a third of a mile from the village of Orbiso to the foot of the hill where we had taken up our position.

The instant the cavalry passed, a hundred or a hundred and twenty men climbed the walls which support the terraces and gardens and retired still firing. The cavalry were afraid to dash through the village until it had been reconnoitred by the infantry: by the time that was effected they reached the foot of the hill. Shortly after, the enemy having formed in three columns, and driven in our guerrillas, the attack commenced in earnest. The first shot that was fired from our side struck a superior officer from his horse. I afterwards learned from the captain of the company that it was fired by a French tailor, a deserter. He had signified his intention of aiming at him, although at the distance he fired, two hundred and fifty yards, it was of course a chance that he hit his mark. The fault of our disposition was, that we had not a sufficient number of men to cover so large

a front. If the battalions that were in reserve on the heights of San Vicente, and in the valley of the lower Amescoas, had been with us, we might, perhaps, have kept our position all day. A defeat, however, would have been dangerous, and it was evidently the policy of our general not to run any risk.

The enemy seemed to attack with little confidence; for about an hour and a half we drove them back. At last some companies of the Alavese gave way, and a small column of the Christinos having gained a footing on the hill on our left, turned our position, and the Alavese were driven back in disorder. Valdespina, with his one arm, was galloping to and fro on his pieballed mare in the thickest of the fire, retreating the last. My horse, the only one I had at that moment, having been for several days too lame to do cavalry service, I had followed with the battalion of guides, and when we prepared for action, I sent my servant with my horse some hundred yards in the rear, with the strictest orders not to move from beneath an old oak tree till the return of either myself or some of a company which (having but one effective

officer, the others being in the hospital) I resolved to join. I hung my sabre on my horse, and, borrowing a musket and some cartridges, went forward with the lieutenant, whose name was Garcia, and who had previously been adjutant to the guides. I was thus strict in my injunctions to my servant not to move, because, although lame, my steed was nothing like so much so as his rider; and in case of our being driven back, I knew I should have been under the necessity of mounting him, as I imagined myself to have been unable to walk five hundred yards. On seeing the Alavese give back, a general discouragement seemed to prevail, and the retreat commenced. The sixth company, with which I was, and which had been posted where a few pieces of rock and the broken ground afforded some slight shelter, now found itself the foremost of three that were ordered to sustain the retreat. We had been there about an hour, suffering considerable loss, when the Alavese having retired, nearly two battalions of the enemy had formed on the plateau. The men kept the ground tolerably well, but fired in a very disorderly manner.

It is a favourite saying of the old French soldiers, in allusion to the uncertainty of the aim taken with the musket, that if they were sure the enemy would not aim at any of their neighbours, and only point at them, they would be without the slightest fear in action. This is often strangely exemplified. The red caps being still, at the time of this action, worn exclusively by the Carlist officers, those of the Christinos might often be heard crying out to their men to mark them out. We found them in consequence a very unpleasant distinction, but those immediately around us only seemed to suffer; and above half the men hit in the company, which amounted to above a third of it, were about us. The easiest death from a gun-shot wound seems in general to be when it is in the head; it is attended by no pain—no convulsive start—no distortion of the muscles or writhing of the body. I had an opportunity of witnessing two instances very close to me. One was a recruit behind me, who was burning his cartridges much too quick to fire them very effectually, and by whom I momentarily expected to have my brains blown out in a mistake;

for once or twice I felt the warmth of the musket flash upon my cheek. Between every shot he was shouting out very lustily. As soon as I found my hero silent at my elbow, I turned round, and saw how it had fared with him; he had not even said "oh!" Another in front of me was just kneeling against a block of stone when he was struck by a bullet in the same place. He fell back about six inches, still in the same position, and remained there as quiet as he is to this day. I should not have believed him to have been dead, only the blood bubbling out at the back of his head left no doubt of it. The fire had become so heavy, and the enemy was climbing the eminence so fast, that it was evident we could not hold out any longer, when the Lieutenant Garcia received a shot in his thigh, and another in the abdomen, and, falling on his back, kicked up his legs in the air so comically, that I really thought at first he was joking. I had him carried off, but the wound was mortal. I managed to keep the company about ten minutes longer there; when the two other companies, afraid of being surrounded, disbanded; and my

own, notwithstanding all my efforts, quickly followed.

About two hundred yards farther on, a few hundred men, taking advantage of the ground, had been echeloned, to cover the retreat, and on these we fell back. The servant whom I expected to find here with my horse was gone. The road runs along the side of the mountain for about half a mile before it reaches the plain of San Vicente. Here Zumalacarregui had placed his reserve, in case of a mishap, and two squadrons of cavalry were drawn out; but the Alavese having given way, and the first position being turned, it became urgent for those who had been defending it to retire; and as the road, on account of the thaw, and the rock, which did not absorb the water, was one canal of thin mud two feet in depth, we found it impossible to preserve any order. The rout became general. A guerilla, sheltered amongst the broken rocks above us, kept at bay the enemy, who, if he had pushed forward, might have made a terrible slaughter of the two battalions, and with twenty horses have trampled down a hundred. But he took no advantage of our

confusion, and seemed afraid of our guerillas sweeping the road.

On this occasion, scarcely able to hobble along, and obliged to make my way through the slough, I found myself, very unintentionally, quite in the rear, and must inevitably have been taken, if the enemy had been a little more spirited in his pursuit. I heard the dismal cries of several of the wounded, who were abandoned, and who were shortly after dispatched by the enemy's bayonets; and my reflections were none of the most agreeable, when, not expecting that I should be able to proceed, I apprehended that I should share the same fate. I was at last so thoroughly exhausted and disheartened—for I then believed the defeat to be complete—that I was on the point of sitting down on the road-side, when I perceived Zumalacarregui on foot, unattended by a single officer of his staff, his drawn sword in his hand, apostrophising, in his stern and authoritative voice, his men, who, as they passed him, fell into order, as if by magic, although a little farther on they began to hasten their steps. The plain and village of San Vicente

shortly afterwards opened to view, where three battalions were formed at the foot of the opposite heights in battle; and a squadron of horse came up to protect the retreat of the fugitives across the plain. Zumalacarregui had dispatched Tomas Reyna to take the command of these when the position was forced. "You must charge at all hazards, even if the whole squadron is sacrificed, should they descend *en masse* to pursue; for the reserve must not move." "It shall be done," said Reyna, "if we all perish." He had not occasion to charge, but we found him with about a hundred and fifty horse quite ready to do so. The enemy however, perhaps suspecting a stratagem, with their usual caution, only followed step by step, and cleared all that part of the mountain which was above the road and occupied by the guerillas. Thus the battalion that had been routed had plenty of time to form, and march in good order to the rear of the reserve, which, to their astonishment, the enemy found ranged in order of battle. Several of the wounded whom we were carrying off died during the flight. One, as he expired, said "Viva

el Rey!" I have often heard shouts of enthusiasm from the wounded, but seldom any, save common-place expressions, so immediately before death.

It was nine o'clock at night before we were quartered at Contrasta, where I found my horse and servant. He excused himself by saying that he had been forced to proceed with the rest. I got a little wine, but it was so late, no provision could be found. Zumalacarregui had, I believe, counted on maintaining his first position; in this he was defeated; but, at the same time, the loss on the side of the enemy was nearly double our own. On the lowest computation, they had 450 men put *hors de combat.*

Three hundred of their wounded were slowly moved under escort to Los Arcos, together with some arms, horses, and two pieces of light artillery. Zumalacarregui, being informed of this by his spies, or judging that such would be the case, although he had been since day-break in the saddle, marched out at midnight without beat of drum with two hundred of his hardiest foot-soldiers and fifty of the freshest horses, and by a long and circuitous route

through what seemed impassable mountains, and, crossing the Ega, succeeded in reaching the rear of the enemy's army, which was quartered for the night in Orbiso and Zuniga. The enemy, therefore, thus lay between him and his own forces. He would have succeeded in his object, had not the order been countermanded, and the convoy stopped at Zuniga. However, he surprised and cut to pieces a small party of horse, and returned safe before daybreak, his men half dead with fatigue. Even after the longest marches, he was constantly in the habit of striking terror into the enemy by these nocturnal expeditions. The moral effect, even of this partial success, on their ranks, was very great; as it showed them, that, even after a victory, and when they imagined the enemy to be farthest off, there was no safety for them, except under shelter of their columns. Amongst the wounded Christinos was an English major in the Queen's service. I was informed of this afterwards at Orbiso, whither he was carried, and where he died. I was convinced the *patrona* was not mistaken as to his nation, although she was unable to remember his

name; for she had perfectly learned to say "G—d——n it," which she said he often made use of, but particularly when his wound was dressed, and which she supposed must mean something like Jesu-Maria! or Maria-José! He had had both thighs broken.

In the military colleges of Spain the pupils are brought up with liberal ideas; consequently all the officers of artillery and engineers are republicans. Hence very few of them joined our army; indeed we had but two: one the Brigadier-general Montenegro, and the other a young man named Reyna—a brilliant exception. At the academy he was looked upon as the most clever of their scholars, and of his attainments in his profession he gave the greatest proofs. By birth a West-Indian—a native of Havannah—he was of a wealthy family, and a lieutenant of the artillery of the guard. On the death of Ferdinand he sacrificed a handsome property, and leaving his mother in Madrid, came with his younger brother, a cavalry officer, to join the Carlists. He was then the only artillery officer in the army.

Zumalacarregui, finding the want of artillery, and knowing the impossibility of procuring any battering pieces without having some to begin with; and aware also that, before he could hope to leave the provinces, it became necessary to sweep away the garrisons sprinkled over them, sent him to try if he could manufacture a mortar or two. With nothing but the theory he had acquired,—obliged to study the smelting of metals, to instruct workmen, to have their tools manufactured after his own directions, and having only the metal which old coppers and kettles bought up all over the country afforded,—he set about his task in the recesses of the mountains, where, during the first ten months, he was constantly disturbed by the flying columns of the enemy. His first efforts were unavailing; the pieces proved total failures; and the arrival of guns so long expected from the Bastan had become a by-word in the army for anything improbable. Nothing daunted, however, he cast them over again; and at last succeeded in making two seven-inch and two thirteen-inch mortars. In the first instance the usual order of things was reversed; the

mortars were cast to the size of some shells that had been captured in a foundry in the commencement of the insurrection, and buried; but shortly after we were obliged to cast shells to the mortars. One of the larger mortars being afterwards lost in the Bastan (for it was the plan of the Carlists, until the defeat of Valdes, to bury all their heavy pieces, as they would have impeded that rapidity of march which became so formidable), he then cast another. The last, considering the difficulties he had to labour under, was really an extraordinary production; and only required the work of the file to render it as good a piece of workmanship as if it had been turned out of a regular foundry. When the Carlists were going to besiege a place the pieces were dug up; and Zumalacarregui made the officer who was charged with bringing them up responsible for their travelling a given distance in a given time. The officer exacted of such a village to take it on to the next; all the cattle, all the population, if necessary, were employed for the purpose. The guns, placed on wooden drays, were drawn by many pairs of oxen; where the ground

would no longer admit of their assistance, manual labour was resorted to. The difficulties experienced in moving the guns over the roads, or rather sheep-tracks, they had to pass would scarcely be credited. I am convinced that no French or British cavalry would have dreamed of overcoming them. Such, however, was the enthusiasm of the soldiers and peasantry, and their confidence that all that Zumalacarregui ordered could and *must* be done, that they were daunted by no obstacles. These guns proceeded in general night and day with only a feeble escort.

Segastibelza had been long occupying the Bastan and blockading Elisondo. The mortars were first tried upon this place with perfect success; by the letter intercepted from Zugaramurdi, the commandant*, great damage, it appears, was done there on that occasion. Oraa and Ocaña, with three thousand men, were sent from Pampeluna to his relief, while the main army occupied Zumalacarregui. Reyna in consequence buried the pieces; but, in the Val di Lanz, Oraa, who had

* There is a village on the frontier of the same name.

divided his force into two columns, found not only Segastibelza ready to dispute the passage, but a small division, detached by Zumalacarregui, succeeded in interposing itself between his two columns, forcing the second to retreat with great loss on Pampeluna, and entirely routing the first, which thus found itself between two fires, and obliged, after great slaughter, to throw itself into the miserable village of Ciga. Here the enemy fortified themselves, expecting assistance from Mina. Leaving the greater part of his army to prevent Cordoba from following on his rear, with a small division Zumalacarregui in person reached Ciga, and determined on bombarding it. The shells did great execution amongst the few miserable huts, in which the enemy, to the number of 1800, were entrenched. A flag of truce being hoisted, a messenger at length informed Zumalacarregui that the besieged had adopted the same resolution as the remains of O'Doyle's army after the battle of Salvatierra, and had made hostages of all the inhabitants, whom, if another shell were thrown in, they would begin by exterminating. Several of those

whose families were within were allowed to go to the Carlist general, and by their tears and supplications at last prevailed on him to desist. The enemy were however without provisions; and their soldiers might be seen, braving the fire of our troops, coming out to take turnips and beet-root in the fields around it. Mina, on this emergency, collected all his disposable force, and made a movement which obliged Zumalacarregui to retire, not however without considerably harassing the forces of his opponent. Mina, after relieving Ocaña, destroyed the Carlist foundry at Dona Maria, and committed the greatest horrors. The Brigadier Varrena, under his orders, amongst other atrocities, murdered forty wounded Carlists. His behaviour to the peasantry was only acting up to his declaration (in which it was difficult to say whether cruelty or cowardice predominated), that it was on the inhabitants, not the soldiers, on whom his first punishments should fall.

CHAPTER IV.

Second Battle of Arquijas—Mina shooting the Oxen—Attack on Los Arcos—Treatment of the Wounded—Ludicrous Alarm of a Friar—Check at Larraga—Action of Llaregui—Retreat of Mina.

As it was feared that Zumalacarregui, who was concentrating his force, might place himself between Pampeluna and the Bastan, Lorenzo, according to his instructions, having united under his orders the troops of Lopez and Oraa, in all twelve thousand men, resolved on attacking Zumalacarregui in the position of Astarta and Mendaca, where Cordova had obtained his advantage on the 12th of the previous December. Zumalacarregui precipitately retired beyond the Ega, hoping to draw him into the position where Cordova had been defeated on the heights of Arquijas. Attributing the retreat of the Carlists to discouragement, Lorenzo, whose instructions, by the bye, were intercepted, were found to be, if he succeeded in repuls-

ing the Carlists, to force the passage of the Ega at any price. Fortunately for Lorenzo, the attack did not commence till midday. The Carlists were to the number of fourteen battalions, or eight thousand five hundred men. The attack was made on three points—the bridge of Arquijas, Santa Cruz de Campezza, and Molinas de Santa Cruz; but the chief efforts were made at the first place, where Lorenzo commanded in person.

Although the firing lasted till near nightfall, this affair of Arquijas was not so bloody as the first. Finding their artillery had made an impression, one desperate effort was attempted, and a column of a thousand men rushed on to charge with the bayonet. Zumalacarregui having seen his troops waver opposite to the bridge rushed down himself. When within a stone's throw the Carlists poured in a murderous volley, which killed a superior officer at the head of the column, and his two aides-de-camp, and threw it into inextricable confusion. Zumalacarregui with the guides, and the commandant Tans, who was wounded himself, pursued. This took place on the little plain between

the bridge and hermitage of Arquijas, and Lorenzo in consequence thought proper to retreat. The Carlists continued the pursuit, but not very vigorously, as far as the Beruesa, where they were quartered for the night, Lorenzo retreating with three hundred and sixty wounded, having left two hundred killed. The loss of the Carlists was three hundred *hors de combat*. Lorenzo, fearful that Zumalacarregui, who made a demonstration towards the Bastan, would now overwhelm Mina, leaving a slight garrison in Los Arcos and Estella, marched precipitately on Pampeluna. Mina was in the Bastan at this time, making active researches for the pieces cast by Reyna, having previously succeeded in discovering one of the larger mortars.

It is astonishing that constantly as the Carlist artillery was buried, never excepting in this instance were any of their pieces or any part of their ammunition found out, although the strictest researches were made. Mina succeeded always in discovering the peasants who had been employed in the transport of them, but it was impossible for them to disclose anything, as, for the purposes of

such concealment, they were always taken out of their beds, and their eyes kept bandaged while the pieces were buried. Thus conducted, they were, notwithstanding, by his order unmercifully shot. This had only the effect of making all those who had been employed in the transport of the pieces dread the same fate, and of course escaping to the mountains whenever the Christinos approached. Mina, finding that in all the environs of Dona Maria where the guns were supposed to be concealed, they had fled out of reach of his vengeance, caused the oxen which had been used to drag the artillery to be shot. This reminds one of the lashes which the Persian king inflicted on the Hellespont.

Los Arcos, in the Riveira, which I have had more than once occasion to mention, and which is situated between Estella and Viana, had long been a great annoyance to the Carlists, by harbouring the Christino columns, and affording them a ready refuge in case of a defeat, as had occurred on the 5th of February, after the defeat of Lorenzo at Arquijas. A part only of the town, together with the hospital and the house called Aizcorbe, were

fortified, and as the enemy were supposed to be far away, it had been left with the weakest possible garrison. Lorenzo, after his defeat, had taken away from it several pieces of cannon, so that it was now left without artillery. An attack had never been dreamt of, as it would speedily have been relieved by Mina or Lorenzo from Pampeluna, if the former had not been led into the Bastan by the circumstances I have detailed.

As it turned out, Los Arcos was taken while Mina was still searching for the guns, and shooting the peasantry to induce some of them to discover the other mortar and two howitzers which were actually bombarding it.

On the afternoon of the 22nd of February, that part of the town that was not fortified was taken by Ituralde with the 1st battalion of Navarrese. At eight o'clock of the 23rd, our battery, consisting of a thirteen-inch mortar, two seven-inch howitzers, and an old and heavy eighteen-pounder of iron, guns dug up in Biscay, and above a century old, composing, with the exception of the two small field-pieces taken at the battle of Vittoria, all our artillery,

opened fire on the fortified houses from the height of Castillo. With one battering cannon only, although the shells did infinite damage, it became very difficult to effect a breach, and the enemy kept up a constant fire of musketry. Several houses were, however, at last taken, as well as the Aizcorbe. The enemy kept retiring from one defence to another, leaving behind them numbers of sick and wounded. The battery was then advanced to within pistol-shot, and by nightfall everything had been taken excepting the hospital, whither they retired. This had also been attacked by Colonel Juan O'Donnel, who had made himself master of the outer wall and defences, but had been repulsed from the hospital itself, at the moment of entering, by the numerous hand-grenades thrown by the besieged. As night came on, while a heavy fire was kept up, an immense quantity of combustible matter was, with some loss, piled against their last hold—fagots, straw, skins filled with brandy, and bags of the red pimento: the smoke of this, which I believe is in England called capsicum, is so intolerable, that it is impossible, if the wind carry it into a house, to

bear it, and it is, perhaps, one of the most cruel expedients resorted to in Spanish warfare.

The pitch-dark night, and a tremendous tempest of wind and rain, which in that country sometimes pours in such torrents, and beats with such impetuosity, that those exposed to it find it impossible either to hear or see, suggested to the garrison the possibility of making their escape, which they effected at two o'clock in the morning, leaving behind them their sick and wounded, and even the sentinels, who were not apprized of their intentions. The storm and darkness prevented the Carlists from perceiving what had occurred till three hours after, when the cavalry was ordered out in pursuit. Towards morning they killed and captured about fifty of the garrison; amongst the prisoners were a lieutenant-colonel and a lieutenant. About four hundred, however, made good their escape.

In the part they termed "Fort Isabella" were found two hundred sick and wounded, and above sixty in the houses. All the baggage and equipments of the regiment of Soria, twelve hundred pairs of new trowsers, five hundred muskets, twenty

cases of ammunition, besides immense quantities of wine and corn, and every variety of accoutrements, were taken. The sick and wounded, amongst whom were a colonel and six officers, immediately received assurances of pardon and protection, although all the wounded and sick taken by Mina in the Bastan had been mercilessly butchered. In return for the humanity the Carlists displayed on this occasion, affording the Christinos every possible assistance, and allowing those who chose to depart when cured, in the following month Mina burned to the ground the village of Lecaros, and, making a fearful lottery of the blood of his fellow-creatures, shot one male inhabitant in every five, for having neglected to give him notice of the movements of the Carlists.

Don Carlos and his suite the next day entered Los Arcos; and, attended by Zumalacarregui, he went round to visit the wounded. The scene is said to have been truly affecting; so much so, that even the stern leader of the Carlists could not help shedding a tear, when the exclamation of "What, can that be the ferocious Zumalacarregui?" ac-

companied by a start of terror, burst from the lips of one of the wounded. "Yes," he replied, "I am the ferocious Zumalacarregui;" and he observed to the King, "This is the way in which our enemies delude the soldier; your Majesty best knows whether I have been guilty of a single act of severity to which their example has not forced me; and whether, with your Majesty's consent, I have not set them often the example of mercy; and yet this is probably the character given me in the greater part of Spain." On quitting them, both the King and the General left with each of the wounded a small sum of money, and orders that every attention should be paid to them.

The seven officers, on recovering, were allowed to return to their own partisans, without even having been shackled by a promise not to take arms again. The lieutenant-colonel and the lieutenant, named Echeverria and Alzaga, captured in endeavouring to make their escape to Lerin with the other prisoners, were, however, shot. This unflinching severity towards those taken with arms in their hands contrasts strangely with his treatment of the sick

and disabled. But amidst a war which had become one of extermination, these instances of generosity were frequent on the part of Zumalacarregui; and those who condemn as unpardonable the putting to death of prisoners even by way of reprisals, must remember, that the former were the faults of his education, his country, and his peculiar position, not only as the leader of a party during a civil war, but of the weakest party, which could least afford to be magnanimous; whereas the latter were the impulses of his own noble nature alone. The loss of the Carlists was very trifling: the artillery had two killed, and several wounded; and the infantry some twenty or thirty wounded.

Here I may mention one of those ludicrous circumstances which, during a life like that we led, were not unfrequent, and which seem rather inventions than realities. I have, however, little occasion to trespass on the regions of fiction, with the recollection of so many amusing and lamentable facts still green in my memory, and of which in these pages I have scattered here and there such as rose soonest to my remembrance. A poor

artilleryman, mortally wounded in the stomach, had expired in the lodging of some officers of the third battalion, whither he had been transported. They were dining in the adjoining room, when they were alarmed by a loud shriek, and immediately after a mendicant friar rushed into the apartment, exclaiming that the man was not yet dead! "Dead," said one of the officers, "why dead and buried too; I saw him buried myself." "There he is breathing and moving, however," said the monk. His party hastened into the room, and found, indulging in his pleasant dreams, to their infinite amusement, a fat French tailor, one of their servants, who, being completely drunk on the rich wine of the Rivera, when the dead man had been carried out, had staggered to the bed, and immediately occupied the place of the deceased. The old half-blind friar having come somewhat tardily to perform his office, knelt down beside the bed, and for about two hours had been fervently praying for the soul of the dead man, when, by a sudden turn in his sleep, the intruder's arms swinging over, hit him on the head,—and, starting

up in alarm, the astonishment of the friar had occasioned the scene I have mentioned.

On the 9th of March we experienced a check before Larraga. The Christino general Soane, with about four thousand men, was suddenly attacked by Zumalacarregui, with all his cavalry and eight battalions. Unfortunately for the Carlists, they appeared in sight a little too soon; as Soane, who, quite unsuspicious, was about to leave the village, finding an enemy, dropped as if from the clouds,—took every advantage of the walls and houses, and the river which protected him. As Zumalacarregui was unwilling to retire now that he had come so far, he attempted to force the passage of the bridge. The enemy, however, well defended it by several walls, which served as a parapet, and defied all our efforts. Zumalacarregui himself in vain rode up to the bridge head; four of his staff were killed and wounded; and, towards nightfall, finding our efforts useless, particularly as attacking enemies behind intrenchments was a species of service our men were very ill calculated for, we retired on Sirauki and Mañeru.

Our loss was about three hundred killed and wounded; that of the enemy, as they were much sheltered, about a hundred and fifty. A French captain, who had served with Bourmont in Portugal, named Rafechol, who had only had the command of his company four hours previous to entering action, was mortally wounded, receiving two bullets through the body. The General's secretary, Colonel Vargas, also had his thigh broken.

The next morning—judging that Mina, as soon as he heard that Zumalacarregui was in the Rivera, would seize the opportunity of going unmolested to the Bastan, where Ocaña, with his division, much straightened for provisions, was shut up in Elisondo, which Segastibelza was preparing again to besiege—we marched on the Val de Ollo, with four battalions and a troop of lancers. Early on the morning of the 11th, Mina and Oraa, with two columns—the whole amounting to 4,500 men—sallied from Pampeluna. On approaching Elzaburu, the last village before entering the valley of Ulzama, where the route for twelve miles lies

through thickly-wooded mountains and morass roads, without meeting with a human habitation—they were attacked by a few companies of the 6th battalion on the height of Oraquieta; and as the day was far advanced, they encamped in the village, where, in the evening, the 4th battalion skirmished with them till night-fall.

We passed the night in the village of Llaregui. Zumalacarregui had with him, as I have said, only four battalions; the 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 10th of Navarre—in all, about 2600 men; but the 1st of Navarre and 7th of Guipuscoa had orders to march from Almandoy, to cut the enemy off from Donamaria, if they took that road. In case they retrograded on Pampeluna, five battalions would have intercepted them, and three were marching to join us before night. The dreadful state of the roads alone prevented them from arriving in time to effect the entire destruction of Mina's column. One of Zumalacarregui's misfortunes was, that none of his divisions could advance with the same rapidity that he did himself; yet he was too apt to calculate on the contrary. With every exertion,

however, of the other leaders, it was out of their power always to execute the orders they received in this respect. Zumalacarregui said that such a distance must be done in the time he fixed, and that they must go so far; and such was his ascendency over the minds of his men, that all that the human frame was capable of doing they voluntarily performed.

The action next day became highly interesting. It was between the great leader of the Royalists and the redoubtable Mina. Their forces were about equal, and they were about to meet on one of those wild spots which seemed a fitting theatre for such celebrated mountain-chiefs to hold encounter. Mina, on account of his being so well aware of the danger of the localities, betrayed more hesitation than perhaps another general would have done. As his interview with the Guipuscoan was so sudden and unexpected, he seemed afraid to trust to the information he received, of the small amount of his force. Zumalacarregui vigorously attacked his left flank, his small force being posted from Llaregui to the mountain of Lanamear, where

his reserve was formed on the plateau. There were then two feet of snow upon the ground; and, worse than all, it was fast thawing. Mina made many and desperate efforts to carry the heights on his left, which, if he could have accomplished, he might have made good his retreat without further loss. Once the enemy had even succeeded in driving back our skirmishers or guerrillas in great confusion; when the General, who could perceive everything from the plateau where he stood, in an angry fit of impatience spurred his horse, and leaving all his staff behind, came down to lead them on, waving his naked sword. This movement acted like electricity on the waverers; the enemy were repulsed with great loss; and although the greater part of our force was now on their rear, they having passed along the road, a squadron of cavalry which they had with them was cut to pieces; and the confusion was for a moment so great, that Mina himself was nearly taken.

A lieutenant-colonel of his cavalry, whom I well knew, from having seen him on a beautiful white steed, exposing himself with the escort he com-

manded in several actions, and who, indeed, was often pointed out for his valour, was lying, when I passed, as well as his horse, dead across the road. Rider and horse had been struck in the head. I could bestow on him, as we passed, but the thought and the glance of a moment. It was, however, with a painful feeling, strange as it may seem, that I made this nearer acquaintance with the features of the gallant soldier. I remember at Orbiso hearing a soldier say, "Do you see that officer on the white horse? I will shoot him." Likely as it was to be an idle menace of the soldier, I could not help thinking of that admirable speech of Don Quixote, where, talking of the invention of gunpowder, he says, "A noble heart is pierced by a missile winged by a hand that trembles;" and I said to the soldier, "Fire rather at those cowards that skulk behind him."

Had it not been for a rivulet with steep banks that intervened, Mina would have been taken: all his baggage, the two asses that followed to furnish him with their milk, as recommended by his doctors, and his cabriolet, fell into our hands. This

last was a curious thing; perhaps I should more properly have described it by calling it a hood. It was placed on a mule, and entirely covered his person, with a glass window in front. His wife, a young and handsome Asturian, who followed him during this campaign, riding cavalier-fashion, and habited in male attire, was also with him in this action.

By immense efforts, Mina contrived at last to effect his retreat in something like order; and in this he displayed considerable skill. Zumalacarregui pursued him with the 10th and 6th battalions, without giving him breathing time. His men, obliged to abandon the road, were up to their knees in snow, and perishing with hunger and cold, were pursued till it was pitch dark. It was late at night, and owing to the battalions that should have cut them off only coming up an hour after the column had passed, they were able to reach Gastela and Legasa.

I had retired to a hill, where we were ordered to remain; and the third battalion also was awaiting the return of the General, who, with his freshest men, was engaged in the pursuit. Perhaps it would

have been impossible to pitch upon a spot whence a better view of an action could have been obtained than from the eminence where we were. The chase, which we had now leisure to look on, appeared to us as if it had been pictured on a map. But for the reflection of the snow, it would have been more than dusk; and at last, when the pursued and pursuers had dwindled into nothing, the fire might be seen on the distant brow of the mountain like flashes of lightning, although we could no longer hear anything. We were wet through: our horses as well as their masters had been all day without food, and now we were left shivering in two feet of snow. The infantry, however, at last cleared some away, and lit innumerable fires, piling them against the roots of old oaks and chestnuts, which, when their trunks were burned through, fell with a loud crash to the ground. The forest trees destroyed where a bivouac has been form one of the striking accessories to a picture of the ravages of war—the growth of a century having been often laid prostrate to cook a soldier's mess and light his cigar by.

It was three in the morning, and, wet and cold

as we were, we had enjoyed our first sleep on the snow, when we were despatched to some villages on our rear, to be again on foot at half-past five. Mina carried off with him two hundred wounded, and left four hundred men on the field. His way might the next day have been tracked by the dead bodies of those killed during the pursuit, and the blood of the wounded on the snow. Our loss was about a hundred killed and a hundred wounded. Amongst the former were forty men of a company of the 4th battalion, who, posted in a certain position, by some mistake were not informed when to retire, and, being surrounded, were put to the sword on the spot. The army of Mina reached the Bastan, in such a dreadfully shattered condition, that Zumalacarregui, satisfied that it would be many days before he would venture to take the field again, marched on the Borunda, to lay siege to Echari-Arenas, the strongest place between Pampeluna and Salvatierra.

CHAPTER V.

The "Ayuela"—Siege of Echari-Arenas—A Surprise—Carlist Artillery—Narrow Escape—The Fort attempts to Capitulate—Destruction in it—Treatment of the Prisoners.

On the 14th of March, breaking up the bridges of Evroy and Irurdiaga, in his rear, across the river Araquil, Zumalacarregui, with a large force, arrived in the valley of that name. About twelve o'clock we were before the fort of Echari-Arenas, the strongest in the Borunda. All the battering-train we had with us was one of the 7-inch mortars and the old Biscayan 18-pounder, which, from its ancient and decayed appearance, the soldiers called the "*ayuela*," or the grandmother. It was placed at the farther end of the street, and soon began to play upon the old fortified posada, round which redoubts had been thrown up. In Spain, the shell of all the houses is built with such solidity, that they are so many fortalices formed to the hand of those who choose to defend them. Zumalacarregui

well knew, that with one cannon there was little probability of his being able to make an effectual breach; but he calculated on amusing them till his purpose should be effected by means of a mine. The mortar was more useful; for as, in fortifying all the places, the intention had been to resist a *coup de main,* or a siege carried on with light pieces, and the use of shells by the insurgents was never anticipated, they were not in any way casemated. This observation applies to all the forts they established, and was one principal reason why Zumalacarregui attached so much importance to Reyna's casting a mortar or two. The one we had there threw in, during the four days the siege lasted, three hundred seven-inch shells.

The *ayuela,* however, was doing some damage, by knocking down a part of a tambour, and dismounting one of the enemy's guns, when it burst at the mouth, severely injuring one of the artillerymen. Our shells, too, as most of our artillerymen were novices, were very ill pegged up, or the *fusées* were bad, for several burst while going out of the piece, and killed some of our artillerymen. When

we entered the village, the enemy, exclusive of the fort, were in possession of eight or ten houses: these they set fire to and abandoned. I was, during the siege, quartered at Urbissu, nearly a mile from the place. I used to gallop thither five or six times a day. One striking feature of the scene was, the crowd of peasants who came from miles round to witness the destruction of their tyrants; for as such they were everywhere regarded. They generally shouted with joy when the red dust was seen, if any of the shells struck on the roofs. At every place we afterwards besieged this was the case. As the sparrows gather round an owl by daylight, thousands and thousands of the inhabitants—old women, children, and old men, all in their best attire, as on a day of rejoicing, thronged all the heights around us—constantly expressing their hopes that it would be taken, or their fears that the "columns," as the Christino army was termed, would force us to raise the siege. Every time I passed to and fro hundreds were making anxious inquiries—"How goes the siege, *Señor Militar, Monsieur le Militaire,* or *Señor Official?*" (Sir

Officer.) The only way of satisfying them was, by stating that it would surrender before morning.

I had on one occasion advanced along the high road, and tying my horse to a tree, was attentively examining with a telescope that part of the fort which overlooked the road, our attack being entirely directed on the other side. I knew they had placed their four pieces there, and as it was far for musketry, they would probably take no notice of me. I was suddenly joined by two jolly farmers and a student on their mules, with badger-skin caparisons and huge wooden stirrups; they were all proceeding in high glee down the road, when I called out to them to know where they were going. "To Echari-Arenas, to be sure," said one of the party. "But, my good friend," said I, "if you go that way the enemy will soon let you know that the road is not free; they are firing already; do you not hear the whistling of the bullets?" I could not help smiling as I saw the consternation depicted on their countenances at this piece of intelligence. One of the group upon this thought that I was quizzing them, and they were just proceed-

ing, when the enemy, seeing three mules and a horse on the road, although they had taken no notice of one, now imagined that it was cavalry, and swinging round a gun, fired at us. Just as the spokesman was persuading them to proceed, the shot whizzing over his head struck in the bank and covered us with dust. As if they had received an electric shock, they all three clapped spurs to their mules, and although twenty yards farther would have placed them out of the possibility of being hit, I could see them at every undulation of the road riding as if for their lives all the way to Urbissu, and I am by no means satisfied that even there they considered themselves in safety.

The garrison still fancying that Mina was in Pampeluna, and would shortly come to their assistance, had not the remotest thoughts of surrendering. Meanwhile the mine from one of the houses the enemy had burned was silently working its way, under the superintendence of Lacour, who was well acquainted with that branch of service as well as most others. The old gun had been cut

a foot shorter, and burst a second time again at the mouth. Another piece was, however, amputated, and although a considerable flaw might be distinctly seen, it was tightly bound round with thick rope, and recommenced firing more actively than ever. Zumalacarregui himself directed the mortar the greater part of the time, but it always played with surprising accuracy, considering the workmen and the tools, for the only artillery-officer we had, Reyna, was busy casting other pieces, as this had been cast, out of old copper kettles and brazen utensils collected in the villages.

It was in vain that Montenegro represented to Zumalacarregui the inutility of his exposing himself to the bursting of our own shells, which could not be depended on. We were all standing round him, to the number of about twenty officers, when another of these missiles, exploding at four feet from the mouth of the mortar, struck down the two artillerymen next him, wounding one mortally, and almost carrying away the head of the other. The General never even started, and only exclaimed,

"*Que majaderos estos artilleros!*"—(What bunglers those artillerymen are!)—alluding to those who were filling the shells.

The wide and principal street which runs through the village was entirely clear, being swept by the grape and musketry of the fort. Our volunteers were amusing themselves sticking out their caps from the windows of the houses, or the corners of the lanes, to deceive the enemy, who instantly fired. Our eighteen-pounder, maimed and mutilated, was now approached to within sixty yards of the fossé, but the enemy kept up such a constant fire of grape and musketry into the embrasure, that it could only be discharged five or six times during the whole day. Our soldiers were all making their quaint observations on the venerable piece of ordnance as it was dragged up. "The grandmother is like the nights," said one; "they are both shortening fast." "They say we are to attack all the garrisons in the Borunda: the *ayuela* will be no longer than a pistol before we have done," said another; and thus the joke passed on.

What principally amused me, however, was to

observe the tribulation of an old couple whose pig was wandering up and down the wide street, where the carcasses of more than one of its kind showed the malicious pleasure the Christinos took in converting them from swine into pork. They were both, and with much reason, afraid to step beyond the sheltering angle of the houses, and only ceased abusing each other while they tried to coax back the pig; but in vain they threw down maize and turnips; the wayward animal, as if taking a pleasure in tormenting them, resisted all their eloquence and insinuations, and, seeming to prefer the glory of ranging the forbidden spot to all they could offer him, turned his tail towards them and sauntered down the street. The lamentations of Sancho for his ass were nothing to those of the old man for his pig. The epithets he applied to it were most amusingly ridiculous: he called it his soul, his beloved, and a thousand other names which I do not remember. Whether he had eventually to mourn the loss of this interesting animal I never learned.

The mine had been carried under the fossé, and another was rapidly advancing on another side.

At the time that the first was ready to be sprung, the enemy discovered it, and immediately set about countermining with great activity. Lacour had already placed two barrels of powder, and was busily employed in directing the final operations before lighting the fuse. They could distinctly hear the enemy working in the countermine above them, and therefore, although it was already known that the effect of it would be comparatively trifling, it was necessary to spring it as soon as possible. At this moment a quantity of earth fell on the head of one of the miners, and a candle, lowered by a string, came through the aperture right over a quantity of loose powder. It seems unaccountable how the enemy could be guilty of this piece of imprudence, as, if a single spark had fallen, it would have blown them up together. A lantern would have obviated all the danger. Lacour, the officer directing the mine, seized hold of the candle and extinguished it, and then fled with his men, as, hearing their voices, they were fearful that the Christinos might fire through the aperture, which would decidedly have been fatal.

In the first moment of anger at seeing them all scamper out of the mine, General Ituralde, who was standing behind the house in which it had been opened, observed to Lacour that he was surprised to see him amongst those flying. "I am not afraid of being killed, General," said the veteran, "but I never bargained for being killed and buried all at once." After a short interval he returned and finished laying the train. The enemy, as it had been calculated, finding that the countermine had reached the mine, and that the explosion from the free passage given to the inflamed air would be comparatively harmless, retired. About ten o'clock in the evening it was sprung, and blowing up the palisades, the wall, and three houses, filled up the ditch and made a breach that was practicable, and with some loss which the assailants would probably have met with, left the place at their mercy. As it was reported that the other mine would be ready in six hours, it was not intended to storm the place till then. At six o'clock in the morning the train was laid. Before lighting it, an officer was sent with a flag of truce into the

fort, giving them notice that if they did not surrender at discretion in ten minutes, another mine would be sprung, and the battalions were all under arms for the storm.

The commandant, an old Navarrese officer, well aware that he had nothing for it, attempted to capitulate. He was answered, that he must surrender unconditionally, and throw himself on the mercy of the king, as the train would be instantly lighted. When our men knew that an officer with a flag of truce had been sent in, suspecting that some capitulation would be effected, they were loud in their outcries, and shouting that not a single life ought to be spared, demanded to be allowed to attack the place instantly.

It soon became, however, no longer in the power of the officers to await the last extremity, if such had been their intention. Eight of the garrison, leaping down over the ruins where the breach had been made, ran over to us; and although they passed through a storm of bullets from their own people, two only were wounded. They informed us that the soldiers within were reduced to the last

extremity. They would have held out notwithstanding, had it not been for the mine, which had blown up forty men in the houses. Our soldiers having cried out to them that another would be sprung, they were thrown into the greatest consternation. Shortly after above twenty more escaped, and came from another part of the fort to surrender. Before the commandant had given his answer, the men were rushing out in every direction, so that he had no alternative. The fort was surrendered; the second battalion entering to take possession, and receiving the arms of the garrison, who were formed, to the number of 438, including the officers, in the wide street, between the fixed bayonets of the soldiery. This was about half-past seven o'clock in the morning.

I was amongst the first who visited the fortification. One of the houses, all the front of which alone had been rent away by the mine, presented the spectacle of many mutilated bodies. One man had his two legs completely blown off; another corpse was hanging downwards, only held back by a beam of the roof that had fallen on his leg.

There were also several blackened and bleeding masses, which it was difficult to fancy were the severed trunks or the limbs of human bodies. In the interior every thing had been dashed to pieces by the shells. We were all obliged to admit that the defence had been a most gallant one. The men, it appears, had been ordered to lie down on the first floor of the houses, so that the shells, sinking down to the earth, burst on the ground-floor; and the chief risk had been from the tiles or beams, excepting in the rare instances where these missiles exploded before reaching the ground, or fell directly upon them. All the roofs had been so completety torn up, that during the rain, which for two days was almost incessant, the greater part of the men were wet through; their muskets were covered with rust; and from the numbers crammed together in the sheltered spots, the men were in the most miserable plight. The powder-magazine resisted our seven-inch shells; but if the larger mortar had been used, I do not think it would have been proof against those of thirteen inches diameter.

The prisoners were still in a dreadful state of

anxiety and suspense as to their fate. Zumalacarregui was a long time irresolute as to how he should dispose of them. The manner in which Mina had requited the mercy shown at Los Arcos was no encouragement towards the performance of a similar act. Persuaded, however, that, having now some artillery, and his army having considerably increased, it would be impossible for him to continue the system of shooting, although in reprisal, all that fell into his hands,—or, moved by one of those sudden impulses of generosity which in the hour of success seemed to direct his actions, he resolved to grant to all, not only their lives, but a free and unconditional pardon, and to allow them to go where they pleased. This order was accordingly read to them, they being drawn out in line. They had already been fraternising with our men, who, although a few minutes before calling out for vengeance and the blood of their enemies, eagerly pressed through the guard to share their rations with them, bringing meat, bread, and wine. So different did they find this treatment from what they expected, that they all answered by loud cries of

"Viva Carlos Quinto!" and loudly demanded arms to fight his battles.

Zumalacarregui replied, that he did not wish them to be carried away by any momentary impulse; he would give them an hour to consider on what steps they would take. He pledged his word that officers and men should have his permission to depart, and safe conduct to the nearest garrison. From those who should go he exacted no promise; he left it to their own hearts whether they would again take arms against the sovereign in whose name he gave them pardon. When several of his officers observed on the imprudence of this measure, and said, "The officers will take arms again,"—"Let them," said the General. "You ought at least to take their word of honour that they will not. If their gratitude does not prevent them, I should confide very little in their word."

The men were directly allowed their liberty; and the nine officers, including the chaplain and a cadet, were invited to dine at the General's own table. They were all of the regiment of Provincials of Valladolid. The commandant Mesquinez, with whom

I conversed, spoke very good French. He was a native of Pampeluna, and distantly related to Mina. A few minutes before the parlementary entered, he was struck on the breast by a musket-shot, which had gone through the padding of his coat and a handkerchief, which had so far deadened it, that the wound was not of sufficient consequence to prevent his going to the General's. He seemed a very gentlemanly and well-informed man,—tall and thin, and between fifty and sixty years of age, but with a most hideous countenance, more resembling that of an ourang outang than of a human being.

The General allowed them to retain their baggage; and on their requesting to be forwarded to Pampeluna, gave the commandant a certificate in his own hand-writing of having done all that a brave man could do in his defence of Echari-Arenas *; and after dinner dispatched them with

* The following is a copy of this certificate:—" Don Tomas Zumalacarregui, commander-in-chief of the armies of his Majesty Don Carlos the Fifth, hereby certifies that Don Joaquin Mesquinez, commander of a battalion in the rebel army, and governor of this fort of Echari-Arenas, de-

an escort commanded by the Captain of the Partida of Echari. The soldiers, to a man, refused to follow their officers, and only two of their servants could be prevailed upon to go with them. On approaching the gates of Pampeluna, a detachment of lancers sallied, and, without regarding the representations of the officers they were accompanying, killed one man of the escort, wounded the captain slightly, and carried them all into Pampeluna, where they remained in its dungeons until liberated by Valdes, at Lord Eliot's earnest solicitation.

Thus was Zumalacarregui rewarded for his cle-

fended it with the greatest bravery, with his men, composed of four companies of Provincials of Valladolid and one of artillery of the guard, from the 14th of the month to the present day, notwithstanding the explosion of more than three hundred shells in the fort itself, two hundred cannon-shot, and a considerable breach, the effect of a mine. Don Joaquin Mesquinez, as a military man, defended with honour his post, and only surrendered when the fort was all in ruins. That his bravery, and the skill with which he defended it, may be appreciated and remain recorded, I have thought proper to give this certificate, at my head-quarters of Echari-Arenas, this 19th day of March, 1835.

(Signed) "TOMAS ZUMALACARREGUI."

mency, at least as far as it depended on his enemies to requite him; for, on the other hand, the men who took arms for us (as did indeed all the prisoners whose lives were spared) fought faithfully and well. They were incorporated with the 2nd of Castille, which was commanded by Colonel Juan O'Donnel, the younger brother of Carlos. One 8-pounder, two 6-pounders—all in excellent order, great quantities of ammunition and provisions, were taken; and the Carlists marched to lay siege to Olzagutias, a few miles farther on the road to Vittoria. Although not taken, it suffered so much, that when Mina, recovering from his stupor, approached with all the force he could muster, and the siege was raised, he found that it had been so nearly so, that he destroyed the fortification, and caused the garrison to evacuate it.

The capture of Echari completed Mina's disgrace. To give a brief account of his career, he had 41,000 men under arms, exclusive of 10,000 garrisoning Taffala, Lerin, Lodosa, Logrono, and Viana, and all the experience of a consummate guerrilla chief. Zumalacarregui had under his

orders something less than 18,000, including the troops he was obliged to leave with the King, and those engaged in blockading twenty garrisons. A division under Ocana was beaten in the Bastan, and that general obliged to shut himself up in Ciga, whence he was with difficulty saved. Four divisions under Lorenzo were beaten at Arquijas. Mina was led by stratagem into the Bastan, and Zumalacarregui took Los Arcos. He attacked the columns of Soane, which induced Mina to march to the relief of Elisondo with a small division. He found the Carlist leader ready to meet him at Elzaburu; was defeated; and would have perished with all his division, had it not been for one of those circumstances against which no human foresight can provide—the sudden thaw, which prevented the expected battalions from coming up in time. Before he had recovered from his defeat Echari-Arenas had fallen.

CHAPTER VI.

The Guides of Navarre—The Third and Sixth Battalions—Cavalry—Challenge of O'Donnel—Lopez and O'Donnel—Anecdote of Lopez—Bravery of O'Donnel—Slaughter of the Christinos.

The Guias de Navarra, or Guides of Navarre, which I have had occasion to mention so often before, were a chosen corps which always followed the Commander-in-Chief since their formation, having the preference in equipment and accommodation, and having been looked upon as *our* guards are in the army. They were termed guides, not from any peculiar knowledge of the country which they might be supposed to possess, but because they were expected to lead the way in action. It was an appellation which, by the bye, they well deserved, as their steady bravery, and the destruction which prevailed in this corps, who were in the heat of every engagement, rendered a promotion to it, though considered a mark of distinction to both the officers and men who had earned it, a

dangerous honour. Their original force was one battalion, of six hundred men; afterwards it averaged one thousand; but so constantly had they been exposed, and sometimes, it might have been said, sacrificed by Zumalacarregui, had he not always shared their danger, that it has been calculated that upwards of one thousand five hundred men had been killed or wounded in that battalion since its formation. Not a hundred of those who first composed it were now existing in its ranks, and the greater part of these were wounded.

Of three successive Colonels, Torres, Taus, and Campillo, the two former had been twice wounded. The officers who entered were either rapidly killed or promoted. I was well acquainted with almost every officer in the battalion, and before the affair at Mendaca, of the 12th of December, 1834, I happened to note down their names. Four months after, in looking through the list, only five of those I had known were in the battalion, the rest were either killed or in the hospital; a few promoted out of the battalion. Of five French officers, three, Captain Bezard, Captain Raffechol,

and Vicomte de Barrez, Ensign, were killed. Sabatier and Monginot were each twice wounded.

The gallantry which this corps has always displayed has induced me to mention these proofs of its behaviour, as I have often heard, since my return to England, the opinion expressed, that the engagements in this civil war had been limited to a few skirmishes, where neither danger could be run nor laurels reaped. The progress of the Carlists, too, was ascribed to the cowardice of their adversaries; and it was added, that the former had advanced simply because the others had retreated without a struggle. To prove that their advantages were not won bloodlessly, and considering it incumbent on me to do justice to so many brave companions in arms, who have fallen in the fields of Navarre and the provinces, and that they may not "unrecorded die," I am induced to dwell more at length on this subject than perhaps I might otherwise have done.

It would be impossible for me now to recall the names of all those who perished in this battalion, although the greater number were my personal

friends; I must therefore pass over the names of many with whom I have spent more than one hour of pleasure and hardship—fellows of excellent companionship, who have gone to their last home with glory. Let me be permitted to mention only the rapid changes which took place in the 3rd company, which now occur to me, although that company was by no means singularly unfortunate. Solana, the first captain, was wounded and promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the 4th battalion of Navarre, his lieutenant was killed at Orbiso, his ensign at Mendaca. The captain who succeeded him at Arquijas was wounded. Of *his* two successors, one was wounded, the other killed at Larraga. Another ensign was killed in the Riveira. This was a company, too, which never had above three officers at a time.

The guides were distinguished from the other corps by their uniform; in the first instance they were all dressed in greyish-blue coats with yellow facings on the breast. As these wore out they, however, equipped themselves from the spoils of the dead, like the rest of the army. They were again

dressed uniformly in January, 1835, with blue jackets with a red binding, and grey trowsers. In a short time their costume began again to vary, but they were always known by their red caps, which at first had been only worn by the officers. But it being found that the caps rendered us only so many targets in an engagement, they were then given to the battalion of guides, and afterwards to the cavalry, the rest of the army wearing blue caps as before.

The guides of Biscay (for there were guides of every province, but not reputed so highly as those of Navarre) wore white. Any soldier who distinguished himself might enter the guides, and although at first composed only of Navarrese, afterwards two-thirds of the battalion consisted of soldiers of the Spanish guards, either deserters, or the prisoners who had been intrusted with arms, and who, strange to say, always fought with a fidelity and courage far surpassing that of the peasantry. They were mostly natives of Castille and Leon.

As the greater part of the guides were men who had served before, and always immediately under the

eye of Zumalacarregui, whose favourite corps they were, there was nothing in the rest of the army to compare with them in discipline. They were, together with the 3rd battalion of Navarre (surnamed the *Reqneté*, from a song they were always singing), the two on which he could most depend.

The 6th battalion of Navarre was also a favourite with the General. I could never divine why. They behaved with great unsteadiness; what feats of valour they did perform were solely owing to the gallantry of the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, Pablo-Sanz, whose jaw was fractured by a musket-ball at the defeat of Valdes in the Amescoas, and of Campillo, who succeeded Taus in the command of the guides.

The foreign officers in the service of Don Carlos, mostly French, are deserving of some mention. The strangers in the service were twenty-two at the commencement. Of these sixteen have been killed and wounded, results which will speak as to their behaviour. Others have joined the Carlist ranks latterly, so that the number of foreign officers is still about the same. But as that rapid succession

of murderous engagements which took place while Zumalacarregui was struggling to play the offensive part have now ceased, the mortality amongst the last comers has been infinitely less than it was at first. In the early part of the war, the battalions only were paid, the others being merely dressed and fed; afterwards they all received the same pay;—the soldiers one *real de vellon*, or about 3*d.* per diem, from which nothing was deducted. The officers received only one-third of their pay, the arrears to be given them on the conclusion of the war. After every action a certain number of *premios*, or pensions of a *real* per diem for life, were distributed to the soldiers who had distinguished themselves. One soldier might be the holder of several premios; many in the guides have as many as three or four.

About the latter end of January we were joined by Colonel Carlos O'Donnel, who had been imprisoned at Paris, and tried for travelling with a false passport. He had made his own defence in French, and, having been acquitted, contrived to make his escape to Bayonne, and thence across the

Pyrenees. Zumalacarregui gave him the command of the cavalry. A little while after his brother Juan, who has since been made prisoner, came also with several cavalry officers of the royal guard and a number of the gardes-du-corps.

Carlos seriously undertook to discipline and form the squadrons. There were many officers who had earned their rank by the circumstances of the war—by a reputation, sometimes usurped, of bravery; for I have often seen those who in a flight gave no quarter, striking on the armed and the unarmed alike, and then coming back, their swords dripping with blood, called *Valientes* by those who did not know how they had stained their weapons. Many of the old school of Mina, and who had served in the army of the faith, could not separate their notions of valour from barbarity; and unfortunately this was the case with most of the guerrilla heroes. These looked with great jealousy on O'Donnel, who was still a young man, and also on the officers of the regular army, into whose hands he was obliged to give the direction of every thing, to teach his regiment the ordinary manœuvres, in

which he found them deplorably ignorant. The guerrilleros were constantly sneering at "the men who wore new uniforms and pared their nails," and saying they were anxious to see them before the enemy, and under his fire.

O'Donnel having had time, as no encounter had taken place for a considerable period, to form his cavalry, and having obtained Zumalacarregui's permission, wrote to Lopez, whom he had formerly known, leaving the letter with a mistress of his at Sesma, to the effect that, as they had been so long without obtaining any opportunity of winning those laurels which are the object of the soldier's career, why not revive an ancient usage of chivalry, and fix on a place of rencontre, each giving his word of honour that no treachery should be practised, and none but the combatants should assemble? He offered, with 400 men of his lancers of Navarre, to meet Lopez when and where he chose in the kingdom of Navarre. Lopez replied, that, "with the permission of his superiors, he would desire nothing more than to meet him with a hundred men less, confident in the valour of the invincible cavalry of Isabella the

Second." To this O'Donnel answered, that he would admit of no challenge save on equal terms; and that, if it suited him better, he would meet him with a hundred men against a hundred, or fifty Carlist officers against any fifty of the liberals of Spain; and that it rested with him, within the fortnight, to appoint the place and time: but if this were refused, nothing could prevent Lopez himself, who had insulted him by proposing to fight him with inferior numbers, from meeting him alone with lance, sword, or any arms he chose. The combat would have been interesting, if it had taken place, as Lopez piqued himself on being the most dexterous with the lance, and O'Donnel was the best swordsman in Spain. It was long thought that one of these propositions, so suitable to both their characters, would have been accepted by Lopez. No answer was, however, returned. The fault was rather, I believe, with the Viceroy than with the cavalry general, who knew the policy of making the world believe that the Carlists were only a few bigoted and sanguinary peasants; and wished to avoid the inquiries such a duel might give

rise to, and the attention it would attract.' I have also heard that Lopez was severely reprimanded for having answered the first challenge at all.

Lopez and O'Donnel had both distinguished themselves by very daring achievements. The former, who is a South American, being in the Spanish army during the struggle for American independence, in the capacity of aide-de-camp, paid his addresses, as the story goes, to one of the wealthiest heiresses of all the southern continent. She, however, declared that she would never marry any one but a hero. Lopez had no resource, therefore, but in wooing her, like Othello, with his glory. One day he played the mad prank of giving false orders to several regiments to attack the enemy's line. Being unsupported, they soon found themselves in very serious difficulties; but by the singular valour and good fortune of the young aide-de-camp, the enemy were driven from their positions. The affair terminated advantageously; and as success makes the difference between the Cæsar and the Catiline, Lopez, who would have been shot if he had failed, was declared to have acted from private instruc-

tions, extolled to the skies, and received a rapid advancement, and what he more coveted even than that—the hand of the heiress. The termination of the affair was however less romantic, as he very speedily gambled away her immense fortune, and quarrelled with his wife.

Charles O'Donnel was known as having performed, when less than five-and-twenty, the most brilliant feat in the Constitutional war. He was then captain of a troop of Navarrese lancers, which he had himself trained and disciplined, and whose condition formed a striking contrast to the miserable state of the army of the faith. The troops of Ferdinand had already been retreating two days before the republicans, by whom they were pursued. The former had just been passing an immense plain in Old Castille, and were all entering the mountains, excepting the rear guard, who had only reached a little wood surrounded by a deep ditch, when 600 men of the cavalry of the liberals, with two pieces of flying artillery and a company of light infantry, appeared on the farther end of the plain. The rear guard, which was commanded by

his father, was fatigued, discouraged, and without a cartridge. O'Donnel, finding that escape was impossible, resolved to sell his life dearly, and formed his sixty lancers so as to guard the entrance of the road into the wood. The enemy, seeing such a contemptible force, neither attempted to take him in flank, nor awaited their infantry and artillery, but came galloping on in column, a troop abreast, so as not to have the trouble of altering their order for the passage of the defile (as in military phrase it is termed), after they had crushed the handful of lancers. O'Donnel, seeing this egregious fault, pointed out to his men that their only chance of salvation was to overthrow the head of the column by one furious onset. As soon as the enemy came so near that he only just had time to put his horses to the trot and gallop, he charged, bearing down and cutting his way through the first lines; the third turned back upon the fourth, the fourth on the fifth, and so on, from there not being sufficient interval between them, till all was inextricable confusion. The infantry in the rear were crushed by the cavalry, and thrown into disorder, and the Navar-

rese lancers pursued, as the French term it, *l'épée dans les reins;* and, aware that they must give them no breathing time, making a tremendous slaughter. Not only was the cavalry entirely routed, and an immense number killed, but two hundred royalists they were dragging with them as prisoners were released, and the two pieces of artillery taken. The infantry, rushing from the wood, afforded a useful assistance, till the reinforcements from the retreating army arrived just in time to prevent the enemy from rallying. O'Donnel, for this action, was made chevalier of the military order of St. Ferdinand. The feat is well known in Spain. I had, at my request, the description from his own lips, but unfortunately I cannot remember the name of the spot where it took place.

CHAPTER VII.

Valdes assumes the command—His projects—Enters the Amescoas—Rapid march of Zumalacarregui—Valdes retires—Amescoas.

Valdes, after declaiming loudly in the Chambers against Rodil and Mina, assumed, for the second time, the command of the army of the North, vowing that he would drive the Carlists either into the sea or across the Pyrenees. At Madrid he found it an easy task to quell the insurrection, and he now came to put his theory into practice. So certain was he of success, that he is said to have written to General Harispe, to be prepared to receive and disarm the Carlists, who would be forced to fly across the frontier. So calmly, however, did Zumalacarregui await the result of his efforts, that he in nowise concentrated his forces more than he had previously done, and left, as usual, above half his force observing and blockading the Bastan and all the fortified places.

The plan of Valdes was to unite so large a force, that the Carlists, unable to take the field, would fall back on the inaccessible part of the country: here he resolved to follow them up, after having swept through the Amescoas and the Sierra de Andia, which, because the Carlists had so often retired to them, and had established their trifling manufactories and hospitals, he imagined to be their most important strongholds. If his entrance were resisted, on which he calculated, he intended to force his way; and if he drove back the enemy, he resolved not to allow them to recover from their defeat, but to follow them up day after day, wherever they went, until he totally dispersed Zumalacarregui's army. He was under the impression that his predecessors had erred in not concentrating sufficiently all their force; so that they constantly risked being beaten back, or, if they drove the Carlists from the field, allowed them to recover entirely from their defeat, by suspending all operations for several days. He did not calculate that, even when the Carlists were driven back, the roads, the want of provisions, and the nume-

rous wounded, always put it entirely out of their adversaries' power to follow up their successes, and that a pursuit would in most cases have entailed upon them certain destruction.

Valdes, during his former vice-royalty, had been distinguished for his humanity. In the interval, however, the feelings of both parties were considerably embittered. Mortified by their defeats, the Christino generals constantly refused to discontinue the sanguinary warfare they now carried on, although Zumalacarregui made many overtures, by setting them examples of mercy, which, if they had only been requited by a demonstration of similar feeling, would have established tacitly that convention afterwards brought about by the exertions of Lord Eliot. Probably also the injunctions from the Queen's government to treat her enemies as rebels were very strict: otherwise it is difficult to understand why they did not come to an arrangement, by which they would have been so decidedly the gainers, as the Carlists always took, at the lowest computation, twenty prisoners for one captured from them by the Christinos.

Valdes, on his first passage through the Amescoas, finding in Contrasta a number of wounded Carlists, burned, indeed, the hospital and several houses of the village, as well as all their corn; shot some of the peasantry, and killed their cattle; but at the same time he caused the wounded to be carefully removed, and gave to each man a douro (five shillings) from his private purse. Mina always gave lead or cold steel instead of silver. Such conduct on the part of Valdes showed that his personal dispositions were by no means in unison with the orders which he received.

The new viceroy, having under his command about 9000 men, made his first movement by entering the Amescoas, where he penetrated as far as Eulate. After burning the old castle, in which a powder manufactory was established, he seems not to have considered himself secure, as he precipitately retreated as soon as he was informed of the sudden approach of Zumalacarregui. We were on the other side of Lecumberri; and dreadful as the roads were which we had to traverse during a march of thirty-five miles, we arrived at nightfall,

half our men having lost their sandals in the mud, and not having had time to pause on the road either for eating or drinking. Notwithstanding the piercing cold, we found ourselves on the rear of the enemy, where some skirmishing took place. Our sudden appearance seemed to have surprised the columns of Valdes, whose retreat was conducted in very bad order; and had not our men been prevented, not so much by the fatigue of the day's march as by the unfavourable state of the weather, from pursuing the enemy, they might have suffered severely. Valdes, however, had only retired on Vittoria to effect a junction with all the remainder of the disposable force in the provinces; and, at the head of thirty battalions, including the divisions of Cordova and Alama, on the night of the 20th bivouacked in Contrasta, the first village of the lower Amescoas, determined to penetrate into the upper, or narrower part of the valley. His force might amount to between 17,000 and 20,000 men.

The Amescoas is a long and wild valley, stretching parallel with the Borunda, from which it is divided by a sierra, or chain of mountains, high and

wooded. This chain is called the Sierra de Andia; the summit is chiefly table-land; in the centre is a wide space, perfectly level, where, on an immense pasture-ground, a few flocks of sheep and some herds of half-wild mountain colts and mares may be seen roaming about. In the middle rises a solitary human habitation—an old castle, with four round turrets, now converted by the farmer who occupies it into a venta, or inn, for the accommodation of those who travel that way; and as the traveller has four leagues to go without finding another house in crossing the Sierra, he is glad to put up with the miserable accommodation it affords for man and beast. The soil is, I believe, crown land; the old castle is called the Venta, or inn, of Urbassa, and looks the very picture of desolation. The wood by which it is surrounded has much of the appearance of the primeval forests of America; the trees, with their branches, are covered with moss; some are perishing from old age, their wild gnarled roots twisting like snakes amidst the craggy pieces of rock that pierce through the surface, and their wild overgrown branches presenting

innumerable obstacles to the passage of troops. The Amescoas, running between this sierra and another which divides it from the Val de Lana, is flanked on that side by a dense wood.

On the left side, in ascending the valley, that is to say, the one bordered by the Sierra de Andia, immense masses of granite, rolled down from the wall of rock above and imbedded in the side of the mountains, afford a complete shelter to guerrilla parties stationed to prevent the approach of an army into the valley. They can retreat from rock to rock, and hover round an enemy like vultures, till the main force chooses to give battle.

The system of Zumalacarregui, as I have already mentioned, was neither to abolish nor to adopt the guerrilla system entirely, but to combine it, as far as possible, with the method of fighting used by disciplined armies, using either, as the case demanded, and most frequently both. His successes are wonderful, considering what he had to contend with; and may, in some degree, be attributed to the circumstance, that all the chiefs in either army were men bigoted to one system or another, predeter-

mined either to do every thing according to the ordinary rules of warfare, or every thing as guerrilleros, but unable to avail himself of each, and quite at a loss, when required to adopt the method which was not his own.

Along the narrow and lengthened valley rise at intervals some eight or ten small and miserable villages, which produce little more than suffices for the consumption of the inhabitants, with the exception of *garbanzos* and *lentechas* (peculiar sorts of pea, the former as large as a pistol-bullet, the latter small and flat), which are much esteemed in Navarre. Here, out of the way of every road, and separated from the rest even of the uncivilized world of Navarre, the inhabitants lead—or rather led, for war has introduced sad changes into their peaceful habitations—quite a primitive life, varied only by the muleteers, who went to fetch wine from more genial districts, and by the hunters, who carried to Pampeluna or Estella the heads of their wolves, to receive the reward offered by government for such prizes. A great portion of the male population devoted themselves to the chace of these

animals, peculiarly destructive in a country where so much cattle roam about almost unguarded. The inhabitants rarely went beyond their own villages until the death of Ferdinand took place, when a strong sympathy for Don Carlos induced many of the young men immediately to join him. The remaining inhabitants, whose feeling in his favour could thus only be strengthened, in common with all the Navarrese, aroused by persecution, like the steed beneath the lash, at last became such enthusiastic partisans, that even those whose age or sex incapacitated them from taking arms seemed to make a sport of sacrificing their lives, their families, and their homes.

As we passed through the different villages, on the track of the Queen's army, everywhere the traces of the savage vengeance of the latter were discernible. On first descending through the defile, we observed rising from four or five villages strong columns of smoke. As we approached them, we saw before the ruins of about a quarter of the houses which had been consumed, the families of the wretched owners searching amongst the ashes for

any trifling articles that had not been destroyed by the flames. Other busy groups were endeavouring, in the streets, to gather up a little scorched corn, the enemy having collected all the grain, straw, and every article of provision from the inhabitants, saying they served to feed the factious, and, piling them up in the streets, set them on fire, as they could not carry them away.

Pigs, bullocks, and oxen were lying shot or with their throats cut in the streets; some had been partly cut up for rations; but as they had a choice, the soldiers of course only carried away the daintier morsels. Fortunately for the Amescoanos, the greater part of their cattle was in the mountains. Several of the inhabitants had been shot. There were, however, but few of the male inhabitants who had not fled on the approach of the Christinos, the proud and stubborn spirit of the Amescoanos not allowing them to bend to the carrying of burthens beneath the blows of the enemy, which they would have had to submit to if they had remained. When we entered Contrasta, in the lower valley, not a soul was to be seen in the streets. All the

men had fled, and the women were in the houses sitting sullenly at their spinning wheels.

The Carlist hospital had been burned; but the wounded, as I have already stated, were well treated by Valdes. On retiring, they forced women and children to drive the baggage mules, asses, and ponies; many were compelled to carry burthens themselves. But as Zumalacarregui advanced so rapidly on their rear, they were obliged to release them. One boy of fourteen, after having been struck repeatedly by a carabinero for not advancing faster with a donkey laden with coin, had his brains at last blown out when he refused to proceed farther. The houses had been robbed of all their linen; their cooking-utensils were broken, and their furniture burned. A very intelligent man, who was amongst the wounded at Contrasta, said that scarcely was the enemy's rear at a few hundred yards from the place, when the women, like harpies, were yelling after them "*Mueran los Christinos!*" and "*Viva el Rey!*"

Now that the second advance of Valdes was announced, the villages were entirely deserted. All

the inhabitants, with their families, cattle, poultry, and chattels, took refuge in the Sierra, flying before the spoilers who came to establish the maternal and enlightened government of the Queen! Here a woman might be seen driving before her a sow-litter, a child on her back, and another following with an immense bundle on her head, the matron directing and sharing her anxiety between the wayward animals and children. The old and decrepit, with their little all, and baskets containing fowls, chickens, and turkeys, which had been carefully concealed in the vicinity, mingled their exclamations and varied noises as they trooped along. Such articles as they had not been able to carry away they buried, so that nothing but the bare walls were left for the Christinos. Here and there a voice might be heard chaunting the Carlist war-song, which, strange to say, speaks most of peace:

"Viva la paz! viva l'union!
Viva la paz y Don Carlos Borbon!"

Wrapped up in my cloak, and before a huge fire, I was shivering with cold, so piercing was the wind, which either carried the flame and heat one

way, or suddenly veering round dispersed all the group by blowing the flame and sparks in our faces; yet many of the poor women and children were going along with bare legs, and clad in scanty garments of homespun linen, to pass the night without a shelter for their heads. I had several times slept without a cloak in the open air, even in the month of October; and knew, by experience, although the days are often very hot then, how great is the suffering sustained by night, even by those who are well-cloaked, and beside the large fires of the bivouac. Well do I remember when awaking at about three in the morning, the fire slumbering in its ashes, and our apparel soaked through by the rain or dew, how miserably cold is the feeling, even though we possessed the advantages of youth, brandy, and covering. I could not help, therefore, reflecting on the miseries of those poor wretches who had hunger, age, and nakedness to add to their other privations, uncheered by the enthusiasm which stimulates the energies of the soldier, and having before them no prospect save that of returning to a ruined hearth. "The enemy

will soon be here," said I to an old woman who was loitering behind. "*Que vengan! Que vengan!*" "Let them come, let them come!" said she with exultation. "They will meet with *Uncle Tomas* this time."

On the 20th of April, Valdes bivouacked again in Contrasta and its environs. At about a mile from him, in the village of Aranarache, with seven battalions and a hundred and fifty horse, Zumalacarregui spent the night. In the meantime we were joined by four battalions more. Early on the 21st Valdes advanced in close columns up the valley, but could only proceed step by step, we retreating almost out of sight before him. About half the battalion of guides dispersed as skirmishers, rendering his advance very slow. Towards the afternoon Zumalacarregui attacked Valdes when he reached San Martin, with three battalions, and some sharp skirmishing took place. Valdes, finding that the Carlists were full of enthusiasm, and no longer the wild mountaineers he had met before, everything having been done with greater order and precision than in his own army, now

began to find his mistake in imagining that he could sweep the narrow valley without great loss. Night approached, too, and either the fear of being attacked during the darkness, in the deserted villages, or the determination to advance always along the heights, whence he could not be commanded, induced him to ascend the Sierra, and encamp in the wide pasture ground round the Venta de Urbassu. Zumalacarregui, with three battalions, kept harassing his rear till late at night. Valdes thus found himself obliged to remain in the open air with his army; bitterly cold it was even in the valley, which was comparatively sheltered, sleet, snow, and rain succeeding each other till morning. We rested not the most comfortably in the world, since nothing but the bare walls were left; but still under shelter of a roof in the villages of the valley, —Zudaire, Baqaindano, Gollano, Artasa, San Martin, and Eckala. The greater part of the enemy's mules, laden with provision, were either captured or forced to be abandoned.

Early on the morning of the 22nd, they recommenced their march, burning on their way the

miserable huts of the shepherds, but much discontented by the want of provision, and the comfortless and disturbed night they had spent. Aware that they must eventually retreat on Estella, the mass of the Carlist forces kept between them and that city. Zumalacarregui in person attacked their right flank with four battalions of his lightest troops, all fresh men, and acting excellently as skirmishers. Convinced that if delayed much longer in the Sierra his men must perish from hunger, and that the main body of the enemy was before him, Valdes was obliged to continue his march, his troops suffering much from our attack. If a halt were made and a sufficient force collected to overawe the skirmishers, they retired. Thus the march was delayed, and the instant it was resumed the skirmishers re-appeared, and were as spirited as ever in their movements. Under these circumstances Valdes found his thirty battalions rather embarrassing than useful.

As the road became more difficult, parts of the Christino force were thrown into great confusion, which, by the efforts of Valdes and his generals,

was with difficulty repaired. Whether merely a feint, or that a division or the whole of the Christino army were disposed to descend by the puerto of Gollano, into the valley that runs along the banks of the river, I know not, but they certainly made a demonstration of coming down that way. Five of our battalions were in excellent position, and as sufficient of their force could not deploy to dislodge them before nightfall, they continued their march on the Sierra. We were brought up, but not in time to charge the enemy's rear on the table-land; the opportunity of their having been thrown into confusion by the guides was lost. This was the only time I saw the enemy the whole of this day.

Valdes encamped in some villages in the mountains, which all night were attacked by partidas, or small detachments to the number of twenty or thirty, consisting of about the third of a company. Finding himself, without having fought a battle fairly, unable to hold out another day in the Amescoas, where his men were starving; convinced that the vigorous pursuit, which it was easy to talk of in

the cameras of Madrid, was totally impracticable in a country like Navarre, and with troops such as those against which he was contending, and aware, moreover, that by another day of harassing march and privations, similar to that he had already endured, his army would be destroyed, he determined to retreat on Estella. In performing this operation he found, however, the Carlists, who had been so formidable as guerrillas, regularly drawn up to intercept his passage. He had kept entirely on the heights, so as not to be commanded; but the enemy now would not suffer him to come down. Attempting to reach Artasa, he discovered Zumalacarregui with the guides, the 4th and 6th of Navarre, and a small cavalry force, opposite the defile. Although the heights were all gleaming with the arms of the enemy, through this puerto only could they come down, walls of rock rendering the passage downwards anywhere else impossible. When we saw the little force destined to stop him, and knew that if we were routed the torrent rolling down into this valley must entail certain destruction on us all, we could not help looking forward to the issue with anxious interest.

At the foot of the Sierra is a rising ground thinly covered with trees. This was taken possession of by the guides and the 4th, who thus swept the road; the 6th was ranged in reserve, and we were placed so as to charge the first masses of the enemy if they should force their way down, in order to enable our infantry to save themselves. The fire was commenced by the guides, who for two hours bore the whole brunt of the attack, two mountain-pieces and two howitzers plying them incessantly. The guides fell back about two hundred yards on the 4th, which then entered action. This position they maintained for above two hours more. About two hundred men forced their way down, but were driven back by the guides; they seemed to have approached each other by mutual consent, and when they poured in their volleys, they could not have been at more than fifteen yards asunder; their muskets, indeed, seemed almost touching each other. About forty of the enemy fell, and perhaps half the number of the guides; the former were, however, entirely dispersed. I was afterwards informed that these companies had allowed them to approach, being reduced to their last cartridge;

and the Christinos were making a desperate rush with the bayonet. Certainly it was not ten minutes after, when the guides retired, led back in the most perfect order by Zumalacarregui, having entered the action with forty cartridges; and on a fresh distribution being made, their ammunition was found reduced to one a piece; they had besides suffered greatly.

The 6th now marched up to take their place. The road was so thickly strewed with dead that the Christinos could not descend without trampling over the bodies. Two hundred and sixty were next day buried there; besides this, I believe all the wounded led into Estella, to the number of three hundred or three hundred and fifty, to have been wounded on this spot, as they were obliged to abandon nearly all those that were so in the attacks of the other battalions on their rear and flanks. Pablo Sanz, colonel of the 6th, led his battalion gallantly into the fire, driving the enemy, who during this manœuvre had made some advance, back again. Almost immediately after, however, his jaw was fractured by a musket-bullet, which remained in

the throat, and a captain fell by his side. He was carried off, and his battalion immediately gave way in great disorder. In an instant about four thousand men forced their passage down; and the 4th battalion, by the flight of the 6th, was thrown into the greatest confusion and fell back. All this took place so suddenly that our charging, from the numbers who had already forced their way down, would have been worse than useless. Notwithstanding the firmness of the guides, I thought for a moment that we should all have been cut to pieces.

About eight hundred yards from this defile is another passage, where the road leads by a steep descent to the valley along the bank of the river, forming, as it were, a second step to the defile where the struggle had taken place. Here, with a part of the 4th battalion and half the guides, Zumalacarregui made a stand. In that moment of danger the calm of his countenance, and the confidence it seemed to display, breathed a fresh spirit into all his men. The captains of companies were on horseback, but Zumalacarregui not only re-

mained on foot according to his wont, but sent away his horse and remained behind with his drawn sword, which only in cases of extreme peril was unsheathed. Excepting part of the guides and the 4th, we all, according to order, retreated. This was particularly necessary for the cavalry, as without proceeding with great care, the descent became very dangerous. Even as it was, several times the horses, although led, were rolling over the men, and obstructing the passage of the infantry and wounded men in the winding road. I confess I feared much that, however gallant was the defence made by Zumalacarregui and those protecting our retreat, they would shortly fall a sacrifice, as there was now a free passage from the first defile for the overwhelming force of the enemy. He, however, was well aware of the importance of keeping his position for a short time, knowing what was to follow.

A few minutes after, distant but heavy discharges were heard. It was the Alavese battalions attacking the enemy vigorously on the rear. Zumalacarregui, knowing that all was safe, then retreated

down the road and joined the dispersed battalions which had been reinforced, and with whom we were formed in order of battle on the plain, through which runs a branch of the Ega. The enemy's skirmishers only came to the position Zumalacarregui had abandoned, having, probably, reported that a force was ready to receive them below. Valdes, whose rear and flank were suffering horribly, little dreamed of renewing an effort which had cost him already so much loss. Taking, therefore, more to the left he retreated on Estella by a more circuitous road.

Zumalacarregui, who was indefatigable, now placed himself at the head of two fresh battalions, to reach a pass between the enemy and Estella: he was about a quarter of an hour too late, as it had been already occupied. If the dispersion of the 6th battalion had not upset his plans, and he could have delayed the retreat of the column in the Sierra till nightfall, or if he had had fresh cartridges to distribute, the carnage would have been terrific. We continued with this small force harassing them till ten o'clock at night. When

approaching Estella, the rout must have been like that of the passage of the Beresina. It may be judged of by the circumstance, that nearly three thousand muskets were thrown away. All the baggage was lost; for upwards of a mile the road was covered with shacos; and the officers had their epaulettes stolen and their pockets turned out by their own men. Half famished, covered with mud, their clothes torn, bare-headed, and many bare-footed, they entered Estella pell-mell. Colonel Vigo wisely retired with two thousand men to Abarsussa, where he spent the night: being on the rear, he might have lost two-thirds of his men, and could only have added to the confusion. At Abarsussa he had the chance of capitulating, or being relieved. A day or two after, Cordova brought him into Estella.

The loss of the enemy was much greater than was at first imagined. Judging from what I had seen myself, I estimated it at four hundred killed; and we were told by our spies, that only between three and four hundred wounded had been carried into Estella. This, a few days after, I gave as my

opinion to Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood; but, on comparing notes with other officers and the peasantry, when I repassed the scene of action, I found this to be considerably under the number of killed, although I still believe pretty correct as to those actually slain fighting. All the wounded, excepting those at the defile near Artasa, where the 6th battalion was routed, had been abandoned, and numbers lost and dispersed in the Sierra, were afterwards taken, or murdered without pity, by the enraged peasantry, whose cottages were still smoking. I know positively, that above two hundred privates and officers perished in this manner; and on one side of the Amescoas, from the extent of the ground that was the scene of action, I believe at least double that number to have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the people.

Already reduced for one day to half-rations of bread — the next without bread or wine,—wet through,—benumbed by the piercing cold of the mountains—if Valdes could have been kept another night in the Sierra, his sixteen thousand men would have surrendered without firing a

shot. Those who were killed by the peasantry had suffered so much, that they made no resistance; though bearing loaded muskets in their hands, they were killed with clubs and stones. I saw a young shepherd, who showed us his knotted stick, bloodied at the end, with which he boasted of having killed, separately, three soldiers, who, lost in the mountains, had been driven from their concealment by hunger. He seemed to take as much pride in the deed as if he had been destroying wolves of his own forests, and was surprised when I turned away with an expression of disgust. Five men and a captain had surrendered to two peasants, armed, one with a fowling-piece, the other with a loaded stick. Strange as this may seem, hunger, cold, and fatigue will so wear down men's spirits, that they allow themselves to be massacred without resistance. This feeling of despondency I have myself experienced; having been in a situation in which, to save my life, I should not have gone twenty yards out of the way, nor should I scarcely, I believe, have taken the trouble of warding off a blow. Until I had expe-

rienced this state of mind, I could not understand it—it is the simple effect of privations on our moral as well as on our physical strength.

Including those who afterwards perished, I therefore believe the loss of Valdes, during the three days, to have been 800 or 1000 men, besides the 300 wounded, and some 80 prisoners, which altogether is the full amount of those that were taken, so unmerciful was the spirit which animated our men. Above 3500 were found missing: this circumstance carried terror into the army, which had reached Estella; at first, it was thought that Vigo and his men had perished; and about 500 of those who had been dispersed made their way again to the garrisons. Although many circumstances had combined to render the loss of Valdes comparatively trifling in men, the moral effect of it on both armies was immense. The Christino soldiers openly admitted, at Estella, that they could not make head against Zumalacarregui and the Carlists—saying, that whether he was the devil or not, they neither knew nor cared, but they were determined not to quit their garrisons again to fight the factions

against whom nothing was to be hoped, and everything to be feared. All the baggage, 3500 muskets, and 300 horses and mules, were captured.

The high expectations entertained both in London and Madrid, of what Valdes was to do against the *faction*, were crushed by this unfortunate *debût;* particularly when it was known that Zumalacarregui had overthrown him with eleven battalions, having in the provinces twenty-eight under his command, if he had chosen to bring them up; but that while he effected this, every fortified place was as strictly blockaded as ever. Between twenty and thirty houses failed in consequence in the city of London, where, no doubt, those philanthropic speculators—who never weigh the misery or oppression they are entailing on a nation against the furtherance of their own interests, or care if their gold is wrung from the heart's-blood of a people—met with a sincerer condolence than they could expect from one who has seen, as I have, at what price their filthy lucre is earned, or rather at what price they hoped to earn it.

CHAPTER VII.

Lord Eliot's Mission—The Carlist Force—Visit to a Convent—Siege of Irurzun—English Surgeon—Military Harshness—Progress of the Carlists—Mountain Position—Retreat of the Christinos—Carlos O'Donnel.

We reposed for a day or two in the environs of Asarta and Mendaca—a branch of the wide valley between the hermitage of San Gregorio and Piedramillera, and the direct road to the famous bridge of Arquijas. This was after three days' hard work, during our affair with Valdes in the Amescoas. His thirty battalions being beaten out of the field, there was nothing but the walls of their fortifications to oppose the Royalist General. In this state of things it puzzled every one to comprehend why Zumalacarregui did not take advantage of the terror he had struck into the enemy, and, encamping before Estella and Lerin, where the Queen's army was shut up, attack and destroy them. They had been already forced to sally out from want of

provisions, as so many men could not fail speedily to consume the scanty magazines collected for a small garrison. Had he vigorously assailed them, he might have at once marched on Madrid. To take this view of the subject, however, would be to censure him for not doing that which was out of his power. He was then in a singular position. He had beaten his enemy, and might have annihilated them, if they had again ventured to take the field; so great was the discouragement which prevailed in the ranks of the Christinos. But, in beating them, he had expended almost the last cartridge in his army. Had they known that circumstance, and attacked him, he had scarcely wherewith to have defended himself for half an hour. The powder-mills were set to work; but all this took time; and Valdes, to his infinite surprise, found that he was allowed quietly to escape.

We had heard of Lord Eliot's arrival, accompanied by Colonel Gurwood, at the Royal quarters. Colonel Wylde, the day before the attack, had supped with Zumalacarregui at Eulate, on his way to join Lord Eliot. An order was given me

at Mirafuentes, to go to the General, who was with a few companies of the guides quartered at Asarta, about two miles off. On arriving, I learned that I had been sent for on account of the presence of Lord Eliot and Colonel Gurwood, who had reached the General's quarters the previous night. I was speedily introduced to the noble Lord and Colonel Gurwood—both agreeable and gentlemanly men. They spoke perfectly the French and Spanish languages, and seemed admirably well calculated for the office they had undertaken, by their conciliating manners and a thorough acquaintance with the country, which one had acquired during a diplomatic, the other during a military career. As they had seen the King—to whom Lord Eliot's mission was of course more particularly directed—he had only been referred to Zumalacarregui to endeavour to effect some arrangement which might put an end to the barbarous system of shooting the prisoners taken on both sides. To this Zumalacarregui, as far as regarded himself, gladly acceded—as mutually sparing the lives of those who survived the slaughter of the field, had always

been with him an object which he anxiously sought to effect; and, with that view, had often, though uselessly, set an example of clemency, until the painful necessity of retaliation had become a duty and an act of justice to his own army.

Few prisoners had been taken during the actions of the Amescoas; the Royalists, being exasperated at the ravages the army of Valdes had committed in the villages of this wild valley, had given no quarter. A few of those, however, who, on the dispersion, took refuge in the mountains, and afterwards fell into the hands of soldiers or peasants, were conducted to head-quarters, and a part, as usual, suffered death. Lord Eliot, on seeing the remainder, and being informed of the circumstance, begged their lives of Zumalacarregui, who instantly granted his request,—observing, that if he had arrived a day earlier, he would have pardoned the others. The men came afterwards, and threw themselves at Lord Eliot's feet, to thank him for his intercession. I had one of them as servant afterwards; and, to judge of the rest by him, they were far from being ungrateful towards the memory of

the foreigner who had so providentially delivered them. I believe they were twenty-seven in number.

The General was particularly pleased with a present which Lord Eliot made him of a telescope. It had been used by the Duke of Wellington in several of his actions. Zumalacarregui set a particular store by it, and always carried it about him. As the convention for the exchange of prisoners was agreed to, and signed by Zumalacarregui, Lord Eliot was anxious immediately to proceed to the head-quarters of Valdes. The General having evinced his intention of escorting the Commissioners in person as far as prudence would permit, we all started,—Zumalacarregui, Ituralde, about twenty of his suite, and Charles O'Donnel, the colonel of the regiment of Navarre, with an *escorte d'honneur* of twenty-five of the lancers of Alva. Lord Eliot was on the right hand of the General, who led the way, and whom I had never seen so full of spirits. He was much pleased both with his Lordship and Colonel Gurwood: being a man little accustomed to disguise his feelings, whatever they might be,

had he felt otherwise, he would certainly have given them a very different reception.

The Commissioners did not conceal their surprise at finding the Carlists in such a position—so erroneous were the ideas which had been entertained by people who ought to have been the best informed. From the reports which they had read in the newspapers, they scarcely expected to find on our side anything in the shape of an army. Colonel Wylde also, on passing through the Amescoas—although he had been for months in Pampeluna—evinced his astonishment on seeing the real state of the Carlist force: while he was within the walls he had been kept in total ignorance of our numbers and equipment. The guides in their red caps, and the 4th battalion, were drawn out in line above the village of Piedramillera, through which we passed; but these were all that Zumalacarregui displayed of his troops, at which I was much surprised, as he had all his cavalry and eight battalions in the adjacent villages of the valley, all in excellent order; and it would certainly have been politic to show them. This very useful piece of

ostentation would have been, however, quite contrary to his character, which was decidedly opposed to anything in the shape of humbug, even to that which is necessary sometimes to the soldier as well as the statesman.

Estella was about ten miles off—more than eight from our advanced posts—so that we breakfasted in a small village, and then proceeded to the convent of Irachi. Zumalacarregui having proposed that they should visit it, and take chocolate there, Lord Eliot said that he was anxious to join Valdes as soon as possible, and that he could not spare time. This was, however, overruled by the General, who told them that Valdes was in Lerin, and that they must sleep in Estella that night, which was only half an hour off. Besides, there were some very handsome nuns, whom he would introduce them to; and they made excellent chocolate. O'Donnel alone remained on horseback with his twenty-five lancers; but we all went up into the parlour, where the superior and the nuns were delighted to see, for the first time, the Carlist leader, whose reputation in that country had rendered him the theme of every tongue. He

introduced to them Lord Eliot and the Colonel. The former entered into a long conversation with some of the nuns, through the iron grating which divided us from them, and them for ever from the world, if the Carlists succeeded; and yet they were quite voluntary prisoners, for they heartily wished us success against the party who would ease them both of their vows and property. Sweets, chocolate, coffee, and every kind of refreshment were produced; and, after remaining twenty minutes, we took leave of the community. At the gate we parted with Lord Eliot and his secretary; my interview with whom, being the first of my countrymen I had seen for many months, afforded me very great pleasure; and to this feeling, the consciousness that they had come on so noble a mission did not add a little. With a king's messenger and several servants, they went forward, guided by a boy, to Estella; and we, on having mounted, galloped a mile or two on our road homewards, not without good reason; for when Lord Eliot had gone a few yards farther, he must have seen Estella beneath his feet, in which were then twenty-six

battalions of the enemy. In five minutes, had they detached any cavalry, they might have reached us—for I have often galloped it since in less than that time—and they would have found Zumalacarregui himself with only forty horsemen, at more than six miles from any succour. Although they would scarcely have taken him or any of his suite alive, that was little to the purpose. On telling Zumalacarregui that Lieutenant-Colonel Gurwood had led the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo, he said that in every thing he gave him the idea of a soldier. It was a source of great satisfaction to me to perceive the favourable impression my countrymen had made, and the glowing terms in which the Spaniards, who are not wont to think highly of strangers, spoke of them. It must have been afterwards equally so to Lord Eliot to have been the means of saving the lives of above five thousand of his fellow-creatures.

In accomplishing this part of his mission, his lordship undoubtedly had rather a difficult card to play, as both parties, I believe, were rather unbending,—the Carlists being flushed in the hour of

success, and Valdes, although well aware of the necessity of complying, fearful of being disgraced by his government if he acceded to it. Such subsequently turned out to be the case, although, I believe, the intrigues of Cordova were mainly effectual in bringing about his recall. The capitulation was signed by both generals without the names of their sovereigns being mentioned, to avoid all allusion to their respective pretensions.

Colonel Gurwood and the Brigadier-General Montenegro went into Lagrono together, where crowds rushed to see a Carlist chief. Unfortunately, being a little man, *pour le physique*, he was not well calculated to make a favourable impression. I was at that time absent for a day or two from head-quarters, and therefore missed the pleasure of seeing him on his second visit.

Having, by the defeat of Valdes, obtained the free and uncontrolled range of the country, we immediately laid siege to Irurzun, the next fortified village to Echari-Arenas on the Pampeluna side, and of importance as commanding that road, as well as the passage from thence into the road from

the latter place to Bayonne. As invariably happened whenever we attempted to besiege a place, we had the most wretched weather possible, the rain pouring in incessant torrents. While I was in a small village, before reaching Irurzun, I learned that an Englishman had arrived. General Bellingero requested me to visit the stranger with him, as no one could understand him. He turned out to be a young surgeon, named Frederick Burgess, who had excellent certificates from Sir Astley Cooper, and had gone through two examinations at St. John's hospital, but he had come without any further recommendations, and unfortunately spoke no Spanish and very little French. He had brought plenty of surgical instruments with him; and although it is natural to the Spaniards to be suspicious, and I had had no knowledge of him previously, on observing, that, as we had plenty of wounded, the value of his services might very promptly be estimated, Zumalacarregui gave orders for him to follow us. A day or two after, while besieging Irurzun, an artilleryman was struck by a four-pound shot on the knee-cap, leaving the leg

hanging only by a little flesh. The man evinced his readiness to have the amputation effected by the stranger, and the latter performed this operation, as well as two others, with so much skill and success, that he was immediately received into our ranks. He has since met with rapid and deserved advancement in the service; and if success should attend the arms of Don Carlos, has a right to look forward to one of the highest offices of the medical department. When I left, I had the satisfaction of seeing him universally acknowledged by the army as by far the most skilful of their surgeons; and nothing but the numerous and successful cures he performed, in cases when there was a certainty of death with their own people, could have wrung this concession from the Spaniards, one marked feature of whose character is an overweening self-conceit, and a dislike to every thing foreign, which is too apt to blind them to any merit in a stranger,—although, when once awakened to a sense of it, they are too just and too generous not to acknowledge it, painful as the effort seems to be to their pride.

The torrents of rain rendering our operations

very difficult to carry on, Zumalacarregui resolved on raising the siege, and on retiring to the farther end of the Borunda, aware that Valdes would, as soon as he was gone, march from Pampeluna to disengage the garrison. Moreover, as Irurzun contained few stores, as long as the place was evacuated, it was not worth while, for the sake of capturing three hundred men, to waste ammunition which might be employed to greater advantage in attacking more important forts.

Before our raising the siege I was witness to a singular scene. I had just been sent for by the General, when I saw a company which had advanced at night to the ruins of a farm within pistol-shot of Irurzun, all scampering before about twenty of the garrison who had made a sortie. It appears they had fallen asleep on their post; and the alarm being given, all hurried out helter skelter. The General unfortunately himself was witness to this disgraceful flight. I reached the village a little above Irurzun at the moment that the battalion was assembled (the 3rd of Navarre); the men were all formed on the little square; and by the

dead silence that reigned, it was easy to see that something had happened. The General was on horseback in the midst of them, with looks as stormy as the weather. He degraded the officers of the company, and broke the serjeants and corporals, when an ensign, a Spaniard by birth, but of Swiss family, answered him, it is true, rather insolently. "What!" said the General, "do you add insolence to your cowardice?" and instantly struck him on the head with the edge of his sabre. The blood trickled down; and, although the wound was slight, I did not feel less indignation for the cruelty of this treatment. A dead silence followed; he dashed his sword into the scabbard, and they all marched down to the high road. I have given more than one noble trait of Zumalacarregui, and I am aware that the good far surpasses the evil in his character. Stern as it was his wont to be, I have every reason to remember his treatment of me with gratitude. I met with proofs of friendship on his part which I had no right to expect, and which are deeply and ineffaceably engraven on my memory. I claimed no introduction to or acquaint-

ance with him, but that gained before the enemy; and yet experienced from him kindnesses it would be difficult ever to forget. This feeling, however, I trust has not diminished my impartiality. If I had not been well aware that the good in his character counterbalanced the evil, I would never have penned these passages of the scenes of excitement which I passed with him during the last year of his life, but have left the whole, as far as on me depended, in obscurity.

As it was expected, Valdes instantly sallied from Pampeluna, and led back the garrison within shelter of its walls, which, to the Carlists, were, and continued to be, impregnable. At Echari-Arenas we received the intelligence of the brilliant victory gained by Brigadier-General Gomez at Guernica over Iriarte, where he had totally dispersed his column, taking 500 prisoners and two pieces of cannon. A part of those who had escaped from the action were shut up in a convent, from whence they were afterwards relieved by Espartero. A messenger was instantly dispatched to inform the Carlist chief of the arrangement made with Valdes.

It was feared that he would scarcely arrive in time to save the lives of all the prisoners.

We were now again tolerably provided with ammunition, on account of the want of which the golden opportunity was lost of destroying the whole Christino army at one stroke. After repeatedly offering them battle under the walls of Vittoria, we marched on Trevino, a small town, capital of the county of Trevino, appertaining to the kingdom of Old Castille; it stands on the map like an islet in the midst of the province of Alava. It is also on the road from the former city to Penacerrada and Castille. Thus we contrived to isolate Vittoria still more, Salvatierra, and Estella, which had not been attacked, because we were already informed that the enemy were destroying the works to evacuate them. Maëstu was already abandoned. All these results were the fruits of the victory over Valdes.

Trevino is overlooked by an old Moorish watch-tower on a hill which is seen from a great distance in the plain. The fortified houses and out-works were speedily taken, and the old church so battered,

that the garrison of 420 men were obliged to surrender at discretion on the third day. They had as yet heard nothing of the capitulation effected by Lord Eliot for giving reciprocally quarter, although the order had been read at the head of every company in our army; and they were agreeably surprised at the intelligence that they had nothing to fear for their lives. An aide-de camp of the General's, named Martinez, passing a narrow street in the town before the surrender, received five bullets, probably fired from a wall-piece, in the two thighs; three entered in one, and the limb which the other two entered was broken in two places. The Spanish surgeons insisted on amputation of both limbs. Burgess, however, still entertained hopes; and the patient, being called upon to decide, fixed upon my countryman. The event showed that he had not misplaced his confidence, as a complete cure was effected. At the latter end of July, it was expected that in a couple of months he would be again on horseback.

We had marched as it was supposed, and there was a report circulated to that effect, although this

circumstance was no proof of Zumalacarregui's intention, to attack Puenta la Reyna, when a division of three thousand men and some cavalry sallied from Pampeluna. They were too feeble to attack anything but our vanguard, and were, I should therefore have apprehended, destined either to escort a convoy to Taffala, or marching to effect a junction with the forces in that city. Pampeluna lies at the farther end of a large plain on the road from Puenta la Reyna. This plain, over which lie scattered upwards of twenty villages, may be about eight or ten miles in length, but on every side surrounded by high mountains. Between two of these the high road to the latter place has been excavated. We were at least two hours' march, with about two battalions and five hundred horse, before the rest of the army, when we learned from the peasantry, who every instant came running to us over the mountains, of the advance of this column. Zumalacarregui led us to the first defile, which is formed as the road winds into the mountain; here right and left of it he posted his infantry, and we were formed so as to be concealed by the undulating ground,

ready to charge down the road and cut the enemy to pieces in the plain the moment they should make a retrograde movement, which they would not fail of doing as soon as they found the pass occupied. We had dismounted and were peeping over the brow of the hill, and gazing with intense interest on the black mass that came moving up, apparently unconscious of the destruction that awaited them. Suddenly we saw them pause and form, their squadrons and battalions seeming no larger in the distance than black beetles crawling below. They then rapidly commenced their retreat, having been accidentally apprised of the lurking danger.

The instant Zumalacarregui perceived it, he gave orders for both infantry and cavalry to pursue and endeavour to cut them off before they could reach Pampeluna. They were, however, three miles in advance of us: in vain we spurred on, as they got under the guns of that city before we could come up with them. Two companies, which had been detached on discovery, finding their retreat intercepted, had taken refuge in a village where cavalry

could do nothing against them; but the infantry coming up made seventy of them prisoners, and killed the remainder.

The enemy never confronted us till under shelter of their guns, when our cavalry was ranged challenging the whole force assembled in Pampeluna to battle, which, as they had not above two hundred horse, they were afraid to risk on such even ground. It was the first time, since a very early stage of the war, that the Carlists had been within sight of the city, and we could distinguish thousands thronging the walls to look with their telescopes on the red caps, red lances, and black flags of the *factious*, waving under their very walls. A little beyond the last venta or inn, along the road, about a mile from Pampeluna, there is a little bridge: here they had placed a piquet of twenty-four horsemen. We were afraid to rush upon them, because it was within range of their heavy artillery, and they would instantly have given back, leaving us exposed to the shot for our pains. O'Donnel, baulked of his prey, was riding impatiently up and down in front of his regiment:

he was followed by his orderly, a serjeant, a trumpeter, and had with him five officers, when he suddenly exclaimed, pointing to the piquet at the bridge, "Look at those fellows! they are as far from their own squadron as from us; we are nine, let us drive them from the bridge;" and spurred full upon them. The enemy, who were not regulars but peseteros, remained firm at their post, as they saw that they had only nine adversaries, and they were themselves more than twice the number. But when the Carlists were close upon them, they lost heart and fled. O'Donnel came up with one who was behind the rest, and might have cut down the man with ease; but instead of doing so he called out to him to surrender. The man replied by firing his carbine at him, which piercing through his saddle-bow entered the abdomen: the pesetero was instantly cut down, the orderlies running him through and through with their lances. O'Donnel, although mortally wounded, struggled to keep his seat on horseback until he was taken off and carried to the venta, when I immediately fetched Mr. Burgess, who examined the wound, and caused him

to be placed on a brancard. He was thus carried on to Echauri, a large village at the farther end of the plain, about which our army, as well as the reinforcements that had joined us, were quartered. As Mr. Burgess, who had been appointed full surgeon, was yet unacquainted with the Spanish language, although unwell at the time myself, I assisted at the operation of sewing up the wound, and spent the night on a mattress in O'Donnel's chamber, in the house of the apothecary of Echauri, the best in the village, whither he had been carried. Several other surgeons and medical men were present, but both O'Donnel and his brother expressed a preference for my countryman, who, however, immediately gave it as his opinion that the wound was mortal, for the peritoneum was cut through, and the gut injured, and in his opinion the patient had not forty-eight hours to live. He seemed to be suffering horribly, and was occasionally delirious. By a singular fatality, for the first time during the campaign, his servant had neglected to strap his cloak in front of the saddle; if it had been there, he would have escaped unharmed. The only ob-

servations he made were, when we inquired whether he suffered much,—"I almost wish some one would send a bullet through me;" and although his danger had been hitherto concealed from him, he observed, "I feel that I must say farewell to the world. I can have but a short time to live. Already three O'Donnels are gone in this war!—their blood has been shed on the right side as well as on the wrong."

The O'Donnels had indeed been strangely divided; cousin against cousin, and brother against brother; and an equal fatality seemed to attend them on both sides. Leopold, his cousin, had been taken at Alsassua and shot by the Carlists. His second brother also, in the ranks of the Queen's army, had lost his leg at Arquijas, and was said to be dying of it. Carlos was then stretched on a bed from which he never rose, and his brother Juan, who was then attending him, by that singular fatality which seemed to hang over the devoted race, was wounded on the 16th of July, at Mendigorria, and being since made prisoner in Catalonia, was barbarously murdered by the mob at Barcelona,

with one hundred and sixty of his fellow-captives. The atrocities committed on his body, which was torn to shreds, and parts actually devoured by those fiends in human shape, while his head became the football of the rabble, have been given, in all their revolting details, in the public papers.

He was, to judge from his appearance, about thirty, and had left his wife in France; his brother, by a few years his elder, had also left his lady at Madrid. I had been acquainted with Carlos long before he was wounded, but after that fatal circumstance became much more intimate, and, in proportion as I knew him, felt my esteem grow for his character. He was then commanding the 2nd battalion of Castille, formed of the prisoners who had voluntarily taken arms after the capture of Echari-Arenas.

The officers around Zumalacarregui were debating on the manner of distributing them amongst the other corps, from fear that they might not be sincere in their conversion and pass over to the enemy. Zumalacarregui stated that he thought they would do better together. "But who will ven-

ture to command them?" said one of his generals. "I will," said O'Donnel, who was Lieutenant-Colonel, and waiting to be employed. Zumalacarregui immediately appointed him to the command of the new battalion.

These men, being fully equipped, had each a new coat and great coat, one of which the officers of the other corps insisted on their parting with, as many of their soldiers were in a most ragged state. O'Donnel, after many a tough battle with his superiors, managed, however, to retain them. If any of them had been at all wavering in their attachment to the side they had embraced, the kindness of their colonel fully attached them to it, and they always behaved with the utmost gallantry under his orders. At Mendigorria, their cartridges being expended, they saw two companies of the guards, who grounded their arms, and cried out that they surrendered. On approaching, they, however, snatched them up and poured in a murderous volley. O'Donnel himself was wounded; but his men, enraged at this act of treachery, surrounded and bayoneted them all. Juan O'Donnel had

always behaved with particular humanity towards those of the enemy that fell into his hands, when, after the capture of Echari-Arenas, the Christinos wounded and took prisoners the very men who were escorting to Pampeluna the officers of the regiment of Valladolid, to whom Zumalacarregui had generously given their lives and liberties. Two soldiers and a serjeant of the garrison of that city were taken, and the excitement of party feeling being very high in the Carlist camp, at finding all their acts of mercy so ill requited, they were condemned to be immediately shot. Juan, however, begged, and with the greatest difficulty obtained their lives, and incorporated them in his own battalion; and this was the man who was afterwards murdered in cold blood, and in the face of a solemn treaty, of which the adverse party first reaped the benefit! It appears that when taken he broke his sword across his knee rather than surrender it. Before Lord Eliot's convention, I think I saw sufficient of his character to know that he would not have been taken alive, and it had been well if he had not been.

Carlos died at about ten o'clock the next night,

and early on the following morning was opened by Burgess, who had differed in opinion with the other doctors as to whether suppuration or inflammation had been the immediate cause of his death; the result proved him to have been right. The bullet, after piercing the peritoneum in three places, cutting the gut and injuring the spine, had made a hole as big as a halfpenny in the blade-bone, from which it was extracted, as well as a small piece of brass, and leather, and cloth of the saddle, which it had previously gone through. He was no sooner dead, than his brother, who was greatly distressed, was obliged to rejoin his battalion; many others of his friends who were around him were also under the necessity of repairing to their respective corps, and we were but few who attended his remains to the grave.

He was buried without parade in the church at Echauri; he had, it is true, a rude oaken coffin, which was carried by six dismounted lancers; his sword and red cap were laid upon it. While the service was going through, the march was beat, and when we had seen a little earth shovelled on his grave,

we departed with the regret it was impossible for all not to feel, some for having lost a friend, others a skilful and daring officer. Thus ended the career of the chivalrous O'Donnel; he was worthy of a better fate than to have been the victim of such a paltry fray, although receiving his death-stroke the sword in his hand, and his feet in the stirrups—a death which no soldier should lament, when his last hour is irrevocably fixed—as I believe it to be, —yet to perish by an act of rashness and temerity rendered him liable to be reproached for folly, although his hardihood would otherwise have met with praise.

I may here be pardoned for recalling a circumstance which, when I saw him lifted bleeding from the saddle, rushed forcibly to my recollection. I was a few days before with the Marquis de Broissia, a French nobleman in the service, conversing with O'Donnel on the losses those exiled from Madrid must have sustained, and upon their probable fate, in the event of the cause not succeeding, when he quoted, with considerable emphasis, the following lines :—

" —— Quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
Vivre est un opprobre et mourir un devoir."

O'Donnel had borne the reputation in the Spanish army of being one of the best, if not the best, cavalry officer, as General Sarsfield was deemed to be the best officer of infantry.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Carlists in Estella—Defeat of Oraa—Val de Lena—Neglect of the Wounded—An Escape—Siege of Villafranca—The Forlorn Hope—Captain Lathchica—Sudden movement of Espartero—Defeat of Espartero—Surrender of Villafranca—Surrender of Bergara—Evacuation of Salvatierra—Attack on Ochandiano—Fall of Ochandiano—Gloom of Uncle Tomas.

EARLY the same morning Thomas Reyna, who commanded the fourth squadron of the regiment of lancers of Navarre, which had been detached, having received no orders to march from the village in which he was quartered, and rations of straw being short (in all the north of Spain there is no hay, and the horses are chiefly fed on chopped straw and barley), had ordered the saddles to be taken off, when the peasantry came to inform him that two and twenty carabineros had passed along the road to Taffalla.

Leaving the squadron in command of the first captain, he had the "boute en selle" sounded; and with the first sixteen men that assembled pur-

sued. The enemy were so much in advance, that they followed them above two hours along the high road full gallop, until they found themselves almost within gun-shot of Taffalla, where they overtook them. Reyna charged them fearlessly; took nine prisoners, besides those who were left upon the road, five only escaping into the town: they then made off rapidly before a horse could be saddled in the place. Amongst the prisoners was the lieutenant commanding the detachment. "You are a fortunate man," said he to Reyna, "not only in the success you have hitherto had, but in the good fortune that must inevitably befall you. The courier, with important papers and a large sum of money, is to pass on this very road in half an hour, with a very feeble escort, and you cannot fail of meeting him." Reyna, little disposed to trust to the advice of an enemy, took off to the right, in which he acted well; for the lieutenant had endeavoured to entice him to follow the road, in the hopes that he would have fallen in with the column, which he knew was to sally from Pampeluna, and which had been so quickly obliged to retrograde.

From hence, with our prisoners, we marched on Estella, which immediately on the fall of Trevino had been abandoned. Here, in the second city of Navarre, we made our triumphant entry, amidst the ringing of bells, the scattering of flowers, and the phrenzied joy of the inhabitants. According to the custom in Spain, in any great rejoicing, or when a procession passes, banners, shawls, handkerchiefs, and even old curtains and bed-covers, were hung out of the windows; and in the evening the place was illuminated. This city, which had been fortified by the Christinos ever since the beginning of the war, is situated along the banks of the Ega, and is overlooked by high and steep rocks. On one side rises the chapel of *Nuestra Señora de Dolores,* or Our Lady of Woe. On the other is also an old church, its grey spire not reaching to the full height of the rocks. As the city lies completely in a hollow, now that the Carlists were in possession of artillery, the town might in a day have been reduced to ashes, unless forts had been built on all the surrounding heights; but for this, very extensive works, and a more numerous garrison than the enemy could afford, would have

been necessary. In consequence it was abandoned. Scarcely a young man was to be seen in the place, nearly all having joined Zumalacarregui at an early period of the war; and the crowds of anxious mothers, sisters, and relatives rushing through our ranks, and inquiring for or meeting with those from whom they had been so long parted, offered a very affecting scene. Up to the time of the defeat of Valdes they had been in a dreadful state of uncertainty; as the Christinos had always boldly asserted that the Carlists were beaten in every direction, although the hundreds of wounded brought in after different actions in the vicinity contradicted this statement. It was the first time they were assured that the Royalists were victorious, as the Christinos were pursued to the very gates where the firing was heard; and near three thousand men returned, covered with mud, sans muskets, sans chakos, and many sans shoes and sans anything. On this occasion, they frankly admitted, that if the daylight had lasted a few hours longer, they would all have perished. They had been lodged by whole companies; and the *patrons,* or masters of the houses, had been forced

to find food for their famishing guests. The garrison had only received six hours' notice to prepare for evacuating the place, after a residence of many months, when it was feared Zumalacarregui would march upon it. The few Urbanos and their families had consequently been obliged to leave the greater part of their property behind, which was seized and confiscated for the benefit of the Carlists, who had been similarly served by the Queen's partisans.

We here received the intelligence of the defeat of Oraa, at the Seven Fountains of Elzaburu, with the loss of a thousand men. He had been beaten by Cuevillas and Elio, who had formed a junction with Segastibelza and the 5th battalion from the Bastan. Elisondo, Urdax, San Esteban, and Irun had consequently been abandoned, and the country, from the frontier of France to Pampeluna, was entirely cleared. From hence we marched on Villafranca of Guipuscoa, a town which, for an irregular fortification, was passably strong. It was the intention of Zumalacarregui, as I have every reason to believe, to have attacked this place, and then

Bergara, for the stores they contained, and then to besiege Vittoria, which must either have fallen, or have led to a general action; which, so great was the demoralization of the enemy, they would never have risked, or, if they had, the confidence of his men, increased by their treading the very soil celebrated for two previous victories, left no doubt as to the result. We were now in possession of nine guns—the *ayuela*, a 13-inch mortar; two 7-inch mortars; an 8-pounder; two 6-pounders taken at Echari-Arenas, and two 4-pounders taken on the 27th of October.

As I was rather unwell, I obtained leave of absence, and remained behind in the village of Acedo, with two servants, for a few days. When I next joined head-quarters, it was at the moment that the siege of Villafranca had been raised, or rather was interrupted, on account of the rainy weather, which seemed to persecute the Carlists whenever they attempted to besiege a place. These few days of rest were far from unacceptable to me. I lodged, I remember, in the old Palacio; a square heavy brick building, with a sort of pigeon-house

on the top of the roof. This was the property of some French count, whose name does not occur to me, and who had married the heiress of the rich domain to which the mansion belonged. It was now inhabited by the vicar of the place, whom I had known from having been quartered there previously. He much amused us by the vehemence of his protestations, when accused by one of the inhabitants of having, in conformity to the orders issued by the enemy, prayed in his mass for Queen Isabella II I took up my quarters in a large hall, where I found an old picture of *Nuestra Señora de la Vela* or Our Lady of the Taper, whose aid to those who pray for her interference was, half-poetically, half-grotesquely, represented on the canvass. A Count of Onate, a crusader, by the red cross on his breast, is seen in a frail galley on a stormy sea, and is clasping his hands as the image of our Lady of the Taper appears through the clouds, and assures him of safety. A mother is seen on her knees by the sick bed of a dying child, imploring her protection, when the image of Our Lady of the Taper appears to assure her of recovery. The criminal,

or perhaps the guiltlessly condemned, about to mount the scaffold, is praying for *Nuestra Señora de la Vela's* intercession; and, as she is visible on one side, the messenger is seen spurring up with a reprieve. Lastly, concludes this illustrated legend, "more than once the tapers lighted in her honour have burned without being consumed—nay, have been even known to augment." At the door of a cottage in the little square before the church, I saw a family apparently in great grief. I instantly recognised a middle-aged woman to be the same, who, coming to inquire for her son in the regiment of lancers of Navarre, as we were passing through some months before, was informed that he had been killed at the surprise of Viana. On inquiring the cause of her present distress, she informed me that her other only surviving son had fallen on the 23rd, in the battalion of guides—the day of the defeat of Valdes. It was but a melancholy satisfaction to her, when I observed to the poor matron, that they had both fallen in the hour of victory. Here, as everywhere, the peasant seemed to take a deep and thrilling interest in our success.

I do not know if I have already mentioned that when—particularly in the early part of the campaign—we had been obliged to retire before the steadiness or superior numbers of the enemy, men and women might be seen at their doors, as we passed by, in tears; and when we were successful they seemed to share the glories of our victory—bitter as were too often the fruits which either victory or defeat entailed upon the peasant.

As the village, having already given all their oats and barley, could only furnish me with Indian corn—which, although we were too often obliged to make use of it, is so hard that it inflames the mouth of a horse—I took the opportunity of riding over to our hospitals in the Val de Lena, to obtain rations of barley from the infirmary, whither I sent a servant every morning with a mule to fetch them.

About four miles off the road is a gentle ascent through a dense wood of encina and arbutus. On the side of the long narrow valley which spreads beneath your feet, rise the bleak grey rocks which must be passed to enter the Amescoas, and run parallel with it. Below, were the villages of Nar-

qué, Ulibarri, and Vittoria; the two former were full of our wounded, to the number of perhaps five hundred; the latter place, being also an infirmary for horses, contained about a hundred wounded and sick. The men suffering from trifling wounds or from sickness were not sent to the hospital, but placed in the private houses of villages, where they were always treated with the greatest kindness; and it was but rarely, even if the enemy passed through—although perhaps not less than a thousand men were scattered over the country, that any of them were surprised. The approach of a column was always known hours beforehand by the peasantry; and the disabled Carlists were removed to the *casarios,* or isolated houses in the mountains. To visit all places of that description near which the Christinos passed was impossible, as it was dangerous for them to send off even the most trifling detachment for such a purpose. The wounded whom I saw in the hospital, on account of every house in the three villages containing several, were much less attended to than in the other places; besides which, the constant sight of suffering had

hardened the feelings of the inhabitants; and the thousand little attentions which, useless or useful, soothe so much a bed of sickness, seemed omitted. In point of medical assistance, perhaps they were better off; but as the surgeons were little superior to village barbers, this was not much to their advantage: three-fourths of those who were severely wounded, even if they had only arms or legs broken, perished. I saw here many of my friends; amongst others Torres, the colonel of the guides, who was convalescent. So great, from the want of surgical skill, was the mortality which prevailed, that when we heard of any one having gone to the hospital, the natural exclamation was "*Poor fellow!*" and we were always surprised to see any one return from it, unless his wound was very trivial.

To penetrate into the valley in which these villages are situated was rather a difficult thing: it was always so well watched, that an entrance was never but once effected, though two or three times threatened, when the wounded were all carried into the mountains for safety. The scene is said to have been heart-rending; and yet, until the second time

that Valdes assumed the command, our wounded even were never in security; when they had been surprised by Quesada, Rodil, and Mina, they were almost invariably butchered.

I had previously, during the campaign, reposed from its fatigues for a few days, and had more than once been to and fro between the Ebro and the frontiers where the principal points on all the roads were occupied by Christino garrisons. Although repeatedly sleeping within ten or twenty minutes of their fortified places, secure in the devotedness of the peasantry and the vigilance of the partidas, I had on one or two occasions found myself obliged to escape on notice that was inconveniently short; yet I never ran a greater risk of being taken than I did when the country was comparatively clear of the enemy, who, excepting a small flying column of Lopez and Gurrea in the Rivera, was shut up in Pampeluna, Vittoria, and Viana. I had gone one evening to Estella, to take the baths; and as it was a long time since we had been in a large town, this offered many attractions, which at another time would have been passed over.

So rapidly had it been evacuated, that the enemy had abandoned one hundred and forty invalids, leaving their own surgeon; and until, pursuant to the capitulation effected by Lord Eliot, some place for the mutual security of the sick had been agreed to, we removed many of our wounded there, those of the enemy being hostages against any treachery on their part. A governor had consequently been appointed, and the place was thronged with a number of the ailing and the idle of our own army. Now that the lives of the prisoners were to be respected, the incaution of our own people was striking, and caused more than one capture.

I had spent several days at Estella very agreeably, never rising till twelve o'clock; and as the good people of the house in which I was quartered seldom rose till ten, we were admirably suited to each other. One morning, however, by a great chance, unable to sleep, I dressed at eight o'clock, and went to the lodgings of a friend who was quartered at an inn on the market-place, the patrona, or mistress, of which was noted as one of the few

Christinos in the place. I observed some bustle in the streets, and heard some talk of the Christinos coming; but as this was repeated every day, and I had been accustomed always to hear march beat, not having been more particularly informed of the approach of danger, and as I saw no preparations for the departure of the sick and wounded, I had resolved on remaining. I took no notice, but went to rouse my friend out of his sleep, trying to persuade him that he had overslept himself, and that it was past twelve. We took chocolate, the patrona smiling and seeming in high glee, when, on going to the balcony, the servant of my host rushed up stairs, and informed me that the column of Lopez, which had encamped the previous night, was close by, and that when the last peasant left them, the cavalry of the vanguard were at the distance of only a mile and a half, and the road along the river was as smooth as a table. Above two hundred housekeepers, who, on the evacuation of the place, had made demonstrations of royalism which would have compromised them, had already fled.

To mend the matter, my servant was so alarmed,

that he made innumerable mistakes in saddling. Our anxiety was lest the enemy should enter before we were ready. Once on horseback, we had little to fear. The gay and cheerful aspect of the place in an instant vanished; all the stalls from the well-furnished market were cleared. This spoke volumes as to the difference of honesty, or at least the severity of discipline on that point, between the enemy's columns and our own. Half the shutters were shut; the inhabitants retired from their doors; and it became almost like a city of the dead.

Having galloped as fast as was safe along the pavement, we took the road to the mountain, and reached an eminence which it takes about ten minutes to ascend, but from whence you look into every street as plainly as from its own steeple, when we saw a troop of carabineros enter. They went straight to the market-place at a brisk trot. About ten minutes' ride farther on a curious spectacle presented itself. The good citizens, who did not find it wise or profitable to await the arrival of Lopez, with their wives on mules or on the little mountain horses, were here anxiously watching the

result. We reassured them, by repeating what they had already been told, that the column could not remain above a few hours, as Ituralde was advancing with four battalions, and that they must speedily retire; which was a fact, and turned out as we predicted. From this spot they could see everything going on in Estella; and if the enemy passed through the other gate, we could escape by a dozen different roads, without the possibility of being overtaken, as the most spirited horse can go no faster than a mule on the broken pathways that lead up to it. As the siege of Villafranca was continuing, I started to regain head-quarters. We travelled all day through torrents of rain, and as we passed the table-land round the Venta de Urbassa, the wind was so high, that I was obliged to take off my cloak, and work my way up against it by going in a zigzag direction, as the torrents of water beat with such violence against my face that it was impossible to see if going straight against it; and my horse had already stumbled several times in the holes and ditches which the rain had filled with water.

I lodged in a village of the Borunda, where, in the evening, three or four of the members of the *consejo*, or council, came to smoke their cigarillos, and to inquire the news. Since we had cleared the Borunda of its garrisons, the inhabitants had been pretty free from rations; but three squadrons of our cavalry and several battalions now quartered there, which again made them open their purse-strings, made them all outrageous; and we had a violent discussion, they declaring that the peasant could stand the rations he was obliged to furnish no longer. In all the districts which had been the principal theatre of war I was accustomed to these expressions of discontent; and never did the inhabitants complain so vehemently as during the first two or three months that I was with the army. Experience taught me the way of silencing their murmurs. I appeared at last to chime in with them. "You are quite right, my friends; the peasant cannot stand the exactions any longer; we shall be obliged to give up to the Christinos." This instantly elicited all their patriotism and party spirit. "Give up to the Christinos?

Never! We Navarros—we who have beat them so often—give up? They shall burn our houses over our heads—take our last cow, and our last sheaf of corn or stalk of maize—before ever we acknowledge any but Don Carlos, or give up to the Christina!" to whom, *en passant*, they applied no very polite epithets. This was invariably the case. Often those who complained most bitterly were the most violent Carlists. This feeling of devotion to their cause absorbs every other—even that of vengeance. A peasant of Eulate, in the Amescoas, had been beaten with the flat of his sword by an officer, for his unbearable and uncourteous behaviour. The peasant vowed revenge. Two months after, the officer being wounded, was surprised at finding the same individual come to the village where he was, to apprise him that he was in danger, for which purpose he had come after nightfall several miles. When the officer thanked him, he told him to thank not him, but heaven, that he was a Carlist; and refused to take any reward. When the wounded man observed that he was in great pain with his shoulder, he very coolly

observed, "*Mi alegro*"—I am glad of it,—and went his way.

On reaching head-quarters, the siege of Villafranca, which had lasted five days, had been interrupted on account of the weather, but was however speedily resumed. Villafranca is a small town, some leagues to the south of Tolosa and east of Bergara, situated in a plain, through which winds the river Orrio, and on the high road from Bayonne to Burgos. Previously to taking Tolosa, this place was invested. Like most of the towns in the northern provinces, the houses are high, and the streets narrow, so that the place covers but little ground. The whole was surrounded by a high and massive wall, round which a fosse had been dug, and the gates blocked up with planks laid edgewise and filled up with mud, besides a double ditch and *chevaux-de-frise*. Here all the Christinos of the surrounding country had retired; those who were suspected of royalism had been driven out, the new-comers without ceremony taking possession of their homes: consequently its present inhabitants consisted of all who were most obnoxious in the country, who

had taken refuge there. The garrison consisted of three hundred of the line, and about three hundred Urbanos. Such was the number of men within the place; and from their known attachment to the contrary opinions, and the muskets that were found dirtied, although, on the surrender of the place, they endeavoured to make it appear that only forty were Urbanos, there is no doubt but that all were under arms. On one side Villafranca is overlooked by a steep hill. Without this circumstance, it might have baffled the efforts of the Carlists much longer, as the only heavy pieces were the mortars and the eighteen-pounder.

Being all wretchedly lodged, I went with two other officers, and took up my quarters about three miles up the bank of the river, in a large forge. The house adjoining was spacious and comfortable, and the owners apparently wealthy. Having ordered supper, we began to make acquaintance with our hosts; but a young lady seemed to be the mistress, and the others, superintendents, servants, and workmen. On inquiring the news, of course I gave them as favourable an account as possible of the

Carlists, as generally the inhabitants took a lively interest in our success; and informed them that, unless Villafranca surrendered next day, preparations were making to storm it, and every living soul would be put to the sword. On this the lady of the forge burst into tears; and I gathered, with some difficulty, that her father and a brother were Urbanos, and then in Villafranca. We did our best to console her. We knew it was impossible for Valdes again to take the field, particularly to penetrate into the province, where, the valleys being narrower and the plains of trifling extent, every five minutes he was liable to be stopped either from advancing or retreating, by the Carlists. Moreover, since the defeat of the 2nd and 3rd of January, they showed no desire to meet Zumalacarregui in the province; and the total discomfiture of Iriarte at Guernica by Gomez had added to this another fatal example. The main army of the Queen therefore made no further demonstration than advancing from Pampeluna towards the Borunda, whence, finding Ituralde there with his division, they speedily retreated.

In the first instance, our men had taken possession of some houses, not fifty yards from the gate, during a dark night. Here they commenced mining. On their retiring from before the place, the Christinos sallied, and burned these houses. It was supposed that battering the place alone would suffice. Two mortars, one throwing shells of 175 pounds weight, played incessantly, and did considerable damage, though each time a shell was seen in the air, a man, placed on the look-out in a steeple, struck the bell to give the inhabitants warning, so that they might rush into the houses, where they ran less risk. It seems surprising how our heavy pieces had ever, by the mere draught of oxen, been brought up the steep slippery road such a height, the soil of which was stiff clay soaked by the long rain. A breach was at last effected in the wall of two massive old houses, and, although scarcely practicable, the General ordered the assault. As Villafranca is in the province of Guipuscoa, he gave the post of honour to the 1st battalion of Guipuscoa, and in particular to two companies, which were to lead the way. Three

battalions of Navarre were to follow. They advanced silently with ladders to scale the walls. Having had two or three men killed, the two foremost companies fell back, and resolutely refused to be led again to storm the place. When the officers of the companies signified this to the General his fury knew no bounds. He broke the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and ordered the companies to draw lots for one man in ten to be shot, for cowardice according, to martial law. It was now too late to order on the battalions of Navarre to storm it, as the garrison had thrown out lights in the ditch all round it.

The next day, the cowardly behaviour of the Guipuscoans being known, Captain Lathchica, a very spirited officer commanding the 8th company of Guides, offered to lead the forlorn hope, a hundred and twenty men having volunteered for that purpose. Amongst the first were eighteen French soldiers, all that were in the army; immediately after four companies of the 3rd battalion, or the *Requeté*, also volunteered; and also the four first companies of the battalion of Guides. All those

chosen for the assault were ranged all day along the bank of the river, drinking, singing, and merry-making. The approach of danger seems to play the part in the soldier's thoughts of death when introduced in the old drinking-songs, reminding him of how short a time he may have to devote to pleasure and the bowl.

Lathchica deserves some notice in this memoir. Previous to the death of Ferdinand he had been in the horse grenadiers. His dwarfish but withal well-proportioned figure, scarcely higher than his fur cap, rendered him the butt of continual jokes, which his spirit was the last to have brooked, and occasioned continual affairs of honour, which are severely punished in the Spanish army. On one occasion, having struck an insolent trooper, who probably had drunk too freely, the man drew his sword, and made a furious cut at him; he parried this, and severed his head to the jaw-bone. According to martial law he was right; but he gave in his resignation, finding that his diminutive size occasioned continual quarrels, and excited a want of respect in the soldiers. He was placed on half

pay, and had retired home to Andalusia. When, little by little, the Queen's government was obliged to send all their officers into the northern provinces, he received an order to join a regiment of lancers; being of Carlist opinions, he threw up his commission; but it was intimated to him that, unless he set out with a good grace, he should be conveyed to the corps to which he had been appointed by carabineros from station to station. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, determined to pass over to Don Carlos, which he did before he had been a week in Pampeluna. In our service he had been in the first instance in the cavalry, and thence exchanged to the Guides, where he much distinguished himself during the defeat of Valdes.

On obtaining leave to lead the forlorn hope, he begged, instead of any promotion, that he might gain by it the lives of the soldiers now at the prevention to be tried for cowardice, saying, that he had conversed with them, and he was willing to answer with his head that they would be the first to scale the walls with him. This the General

readily granted; and the men were liberated. The storming party were all in the highest glee. Every one was talking of soon crossing the Ebro for good. This, however, might have been only conjecture; and as such I should have considered it, had I not heard it from the General's own lips, and he was always particularly guarded in announcing what his intentions were. Lathchica having kindly proposed to cede to me a part of his men, I went to Zumalacarregui to volunteer on the forlorn hope with him, the French soldiers having all offered to go with me. He refused, on the plea that I was a cavalry officer, "of whom," said he, "I shall soon be in want. We are going into the plains of Old and New Castille in a few days, and I reserve you for a service equally desperate and honourable, in your own arm."

As the breach had already been filled up, and it was intended to scale the walls, the ladders having been prepared, the place would not have been carried without some slaughter. The men remained all night without receiving the order to storm. Zumalacarregui, acquainted with a movement of

Espartero to relieve it, and aware that the surrender of the place would follow his defeat, delayed the assault to save the lives not only of all the inhabitants, but of those of his own men, who must have perished. Burgess arrived from the Bastan with another officer, where he had been attending on the eldest of the two sons of General Cuevillas, who, three weeks before, at the battle of Elzaburu, where Oraa's column had been destroyed, had been mortally wounded, a bullet having fractured the spine. Burgess instantly pronounced that there was no hope of saving him. He was attended by his mother and sister. At Lecumberri, on returning to head-quarters, he saw 480 prisoners, who were afterwards sent to us; they had all been taken at Elzaburu. The capitulation effected by Lord Eliot had only been known the day previous, and to this circumstance they were indebted for quarter.

Espartero, assembling seven thousand men from the garrisons of Bilboa and St. Sebastian, resolved to attempt a *coup de main*, with a view to surprise the Carlist army and to relieve the place; during a dark and stormy night, he marched across the

mountains to attack us with the above force. Zumalacarregui, however, whose vigilance never slept, acquainted with the movement, disposed of everything for his reception, and sent Eraso with eight companies, whose march could be more easily concealed, to attack him during his march in the darkness. Espartero could scarcely be blamed for making this desperate effort, or for the want of success that attended it. His design, once suspected by the Carlists, could produce nothing but a disastrous result. Although entirely routed by eight companies, the very numbers of his men increased their confusion; their inferiority on this point was a protection to the Carlists. The attack commenced on the heights of Descarga.

Espartero, leading his troops to surprise the besiegers along the narrow road, perishing with cold, and pierced through to the skin by the rain, slipping and falling every instant in the mud, was suddenly himself surprised by the discharges of musketry of the Carlists, who knew they had only to fire upon the road—and rending the air with their shouts of "*Viva el Rey! Viva Zumalacar-*

regui! hai quartel! hai quartel!" (There is quarter! there is quarter!) rushed upon them. So demoralized was at that time all the Queen's army by the successes of the Carlist leader, that, making one discharge, they dispersed and fled or surrendered, whole companies throwing down their arms. The son of Eraso behaved with peculiar gallantry on this occasion. Fortunately for the vanquished, the treaty of Lord Eliot and their late success considerably calmed the animosity of our men; and not a hundred of the enemy were killed or wounded, although before day-break 1800 prisoners were made; those who escaped reaching Bilboa in the most pitiable plight, without hats, without shoes, and covered with mud from head to foot. Espartero himself had had his cloak pierced by the thrust of a lance from one of Eraso's own escort; and Mirasol and all his staff were made prisoners in a house by the roadside. Mirasol, who is a little man, was fortunate enough to make his escape in the following manner: as the uniform of brigadier-general is only distinguishable in the Spanish army by the em-

broidered cuffs, he turned these up, and saying that he was a "tambor"—as all the soldiers were anxious to capture officers, and no one would condescend to secure a drummer—he received a sound kick, and was delivered to the custody of those without, from whom, having more prisoners than they could manage, he easily escaped.

The next morning a parlementary was sent into Villafranca, to inform the besieged that Espartero, coming to their relief, had been entirely defeated, and that, if they did not surrender immediately, the place would be stormed. Having sent out an officer to assure themselves of the veracity of this statement, by seeing and conversing with the prisoners, he returned with a confirmation of the futility of any further hopes of succour. The place was accordingly given up: the same afternoon, at three o'clock, we took possession. The national guard were disarmed, and, as had been promised, their property was respected—themselves being dismissed to their homes, with a hint that, if they in any way again interfered against Don Carlos, they would be treated with less gentleness.

Amongst the Urbanos were the father and brother of our patrona of the forge, both unhurt.

A great quantity of stores of all kinds—eight hundred muskets, an 8-pounder, but only a small quantity of powder—was taken. The fortifications were immediately rased, and we marched to invest Bergara, where some of the fugitives from his column, and it was for a time supposed Espartero himself, had taken refuge. Altogether it contained thirteen hundred men in garrison, and nine pieces of artillery, great and small. As soon as the fall of Villafranca was known, the city of Tolosa was abandoned by the garrison with such precipitation, that they left behind them two 12-pound iron carronades, having previously spiked them; also a great quantity of flour, salt fish, and 25,000 cartridges. It was immediately taken possession of, so that we had not even the trouble of marching against it. What with the large garrison Bergara now contained, to consume the little provision within,—the facility the surrounding heights afforded the Carlists to batter the place, and the total inability of any of the Queen's gene-

rals to relieve them,—Valdes having been entirely defeated,—Iriartes's column dispersed at Guernica, —that of Oraa at Elzaburu, and that of Espartero, of which they formed part, on their way to Villafranca,—left them no alternative but to surrender. The soldiers, even if the officers had been disposed to resist when they knew that Zumalacarregui himself was under their walls, refused to fight. He offered to allow the officers to go when they pleased; but if it were not surrendered the same day, he gave them his word that he would storm it. Colonel Carvallar, the governor, having held a council of war, answered, that if the evacuation of Tolosa was verified, he was willing to surrender. Accordingly, two officers proceeded to the spot, and having satisfied them—although I believe this was only matter of form—the next day Bergara was surrendered.

As we were marching in, we met upon the road the officers of the garrison, all excepting the governor of Bergara, on foot, and without their swords. According to the capitulation, on their promise not to serve against the Carlists, they were

allowed to go where they chose, and several were accompanied by their wives; one or two had children; they were followed by some carts drawn by oxen. Excepting the colonel, there was not one who had either a gentlemanly or a military aspect; one or two, round and fat fellows, had rather, indeed, the appearance of grocers or tallowchandlers than of soldiers. In the Carlist army this was comparatively rare: some had a stern and half-brigand appearance; but, on the whole, the officers were much more *distingué* or more warlike in appearance. I must, however, explain that, generally speaking, a great difference was perceptible between the officers of the enemy made prisoners in the latter part of the war, and those in the early stages of it, who had all gone through the regular routine, and were many of them men who had served in the constitutional war; whereas latterly, to supply the losses they sustained, they seemed to have given commissions to any one. I was struck by hearing a Carlist, an old Castillian captain, who had followed the King to Portugal, repeating the day of the month several times with peculiar emphasis, to his comrade, as we passed the prisoners;

and, on inquiring the reason of it, he informed me, that exactly that day twelvemonth they had found themselves in the same humiliating situation in Portugal—disarmed, and passing on foot through the ranks of the victorious Pedroites: there was, however, this striking difference—our men did not, even by a single expression, further than *Viva el Rey!* insult their misfortune; whereas they had been robbed, maltreated, and many of them murdered.

The day following that on which Zumalacarregui took possession, Charles V. made his triumphal entry. Thirteen hundred men surrendered prisoners of war; the number of those we now had in our hands became quite alarming; Onate, Mondragon, and Villa-real were full. I spent a night at the latter town, where there were fifteen hundred prisoners, and only eight hundred men to guard them. They all loudly begged to be allowed to enter our ranks, declaring that they had hitherto been deceived by their officers, who declared that the Carlists never forgave those who had once served against them, and had put even the deserters to death in the most cruel manner.

Eybar, famous for its manufactories of arms, but which was only garrisoned by Urbanos, had been invested by several battalions of Guipuscoa. Zumalacarregui offered them, if they surrendered, to respect their property, and allow them to return unmolested to their houses, on giving up all arms, ammunition, and horses; if they did not, he would storm the place, and they should be treated according to the laws of war. Eybar surrendered, and the same night that the fall of Bergara was known the garrison of Durango escaped to Bilboa. The next night we slept in Durango.

The evacuation of Salvatierra was here confirmed; and we were also informed that all the heavy artillery, provisions, and stores had been sent out of Vittoria with only five battalions, and the Urbanos remained to garrison. There was no doubt but that this small force would have abandoned it on our approach; and Zumalacarregui was now determined to march upon that city, and thence upon Burgos, and either force the enemy to a battle, or move forward upon Madrid. His rapid successes had struck such terror and consternation

into the Queen's army, that all the forces in Navarre and the provinces would neither have given him battle, nor have opposed, excepting as far as the garrisons along its banks might his crossing the Ebro; nor, if Iturralde had been left with only ten battalions, have been able to follow him in the rear. Their men would not fight on any terms. Bets ran high in our army that in less than six weeks we should be in Madrid; and any odds would have been given that we should be there within two months. One thing only was wanting—money; the coffers of Don Carlos were absolutely empty. When he had arrived in Navarre, he had relied for pecuniary resources on a contract with a Jew named Baron Maurice de Haber: this had been signed on board his British Majesty's ship the Donegal, on the 14th of June, for the loan of five millions sterling. Haber had been accredited, and recommended by the house of Gower and Co.; and when Don Carlos passed through Paris, Mr. Jauge, the Royalist banker, confirmed his hopes, and offered to undertake the negotiation of Haber's loan in France. Jauge was in consequence, when he

attempted publicly to dispose of stock, thrown into prison. Other financial arrangements were proposed, but through a long series of mismanagements, and a succession of deplorable intrigues, this was neglected; and the government of Don Carlos found itself (as it had been all along, excepting a few thousands which had been sent by friendly powers) left entirely to its own resources, which, in a country already obliged to feed the contending armies, were necessarily very trifling. It was the more provoking, as Europe was full of speculators who would, it is true, on rather exorbitant terms, have furnished means: had it not been for the lack of resources, Charles V. might at the present hour have been on the undisputed throne of Spain. Many who were heavily engaged in the loans of the Cortes and of the Queen would have purchased stock to protect themselves.

This want of pecuniary supplies was the reason why the great error of attacking Bilboa instead of crossing the Ebro and profiting by the panic of the enemy, was committed. The King declared that not only was he without money to pay the arrears,

but he had not the immediate expectation of receiving any, and that Bilboa, a rich and mercantile city, which might furnish a temporary assistance, must be besieged and taken. This Zumalacarregui strongly opposed: Bilboa would take them several days; besides, it was entirely a false military movement: inconvenient as it might be, it was better to take advantage of the panic of the enemy before he could recover, and march on Vittoria, Burgos, and Madrid—advancing through districts hitherto untired by the constant passage of troops, and leading the army to feel that as they were approaching the termination of their labours, money would have been less necessary.

On reaching Burgos the Queen's government would probably have fled; the Carlist party in Madrid would have then raised their heads, and the capital once taken, all the resources of the kingdom would be in their hands, and Bilboa, Pampeluna, and all the garrisoned towns must naturally have fallen. Unfortunately the want of money made such an impression on those about the King, that he was advised, against his better judgment, almost

to insist upon the taking of Bilboa, and he merely put the question, "Can you take it?" to Zumalacarregui. "I know that I can take it, but it will be at an immense sacrifice, not so much of men as of time, which now is precious," was the reply of the General.

He spoke, unfortunately, too truly, though, perhaps, he never anticipated that his own life was to be wasted before its walls. The evil genius of the Carlists having prevailed, and the attack on Bilboa having been so fatally decided upon, sending the rest of his artillery on to Bilboa, while batteries were erected there, with an 18-pounder and two mortars he marched at the head of three battalions on Ochandiano, where a garrison of three hundred and eighty men of the regiment of provincials of Seville, commanded by the Marquess of San Gil, had fortified the place. They did not, however, surrender on the first summons, consequently our artillery began to play. All the houses were crenelled, but the principal fortification was the church, round which tambours had been constructed.

We commenced the attack at eight in the morn-

ing, battering down some houses they were in. Eight or ten, whose vicinity to the church annoyed them, were set fire to by their own people. Our troops after that entering the streets drove them from house to house, by making holes in the wall with a pick-axe above their heads, and dropping through hand grenades. By one o'clock they were driven into the church and its vicinity. Four thirteen-inch shells fell successively into this edifice, which was crammed full, the last wounding twelve men, and killing two. As they found the mortar had now been brought to bear well upon it, they hung out a white flag. On this an officer and a serjeant stepped forward, but were immediately fired at from a house still in possession of the enemy,—the former was wounded in the leg, the latter shot through the brain. At this piece of treachery Zumalacarregui swore he would put every soul to the sword, unless the authors of it were given up. When the garrison surrendered at discretion, the men who had fired proved, however, that they knew nothing of the white flag having been hung out, and consequently only remained prisoners of war.

Here, besides three hundred and eighty prisoners, the band of the regiment, a quantity of provisions, one hundred thousand cartridges, and five hundred muskets, all nearly new and of English manufacture, having the Tower mark upon them, and probably forming part of those sent by the Duke of Wellington pursuant to the treaty of the quadruple alliance, were taken. The band was very good, and as we had nothing but our trumpets, drums, and clarions in the army, proved an acquisition: they evinced their willingness to serve Don Carlos. As soon as Zumalacarregui knew, however, that they required a cart or a couple of mules to carry their instruments, he sent them off to the royal quarters.

On entering the church, it presented a scene which baffles all description: knapsacks, chakos, great coats, broken chairs, benches, and ornaments, were scattered in all directions: in the centre the flag-stones had been taken up, and four of the killed were laid in a large hole which had not yet been filled up; the mouldering skulls and bones, turned up in digging, being thrown up with the earth all over the pavement.

Early the next morning we returned to Durango, and thence marched on Bilboa, whither the artillery had preceded us. Ochandiano, invested at eight in the morning, had surrendered before nightfall. This was the last triumph of the Carlist chief; just as he was beginning to reap the fruit of all his labours, an untimely death dashed them from his grasp.

On a fine summer's afternoon, we formed beneath the huge trees of the shaded promenade, alongside of which is a magnificent fives-court, and commenced our march along the dusty road. This was the last time that I saw Zumalacarregui in the saddle; his stern but noble features I had never witnessed wear such a gloomy aspect, rendered more striking by the contrast of the merry faces around him: for in an army there are few who judge any farther than what they see immediately about them, or trouble themselves beyond the morrow; and the idea of entering a city like Bilboa, which was within a few leagues, and which they never doubted a moment of taking, was, perhaps, even more agreeable than a march on Madrid, which was many hundred miles away. There was in

what I have stated no imagination, as it was observed by every one: an officer in particular said to me, "Look at the General!—one would say he was going to mount a scaffold, rather than to pounce upon such a prey as Bilboa." "He has not got over wearing his black coat," was carelessly observed. This was in allusion to his having substituted a dress coat, on his last visits to the King, for the zamara, or dark fur-skin jacket he always wore over a black waistcoat. He had latterly put on this black coat when he went to see his Majesty, it having been observed to him that his jacket was not a fitting costume to go to court in; for he always refused wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and seemed to take a pride in his uncouth dress, which, excepting his red trowsers, was only military because he had rendered it so. The soldiers, unaccustomed to see him thus, and he probably being in rather severer mood than usual when they made the observation, had all imagined "That Uncle Tomas," as they expressed it, "was always in an ill humour when he had to put on a dress coat."

He never wore any of the several orders conferred upon him; even when at Onate, after the battle of Vittoria, Don Carlos threw round his neck the grand cross of St. Ferdinand, an honour to which a subject can scarcely ever aspire—he only wore it as far as his camp. In his red cap and zamara, his whip slung across it, he had more than once signified his intention of entering Madrid at the head of his favourite battalion of guides, with their hempen sandals and cartridge belts.

That his death was a loss to Spain, all those that knew him are well persuaded. I might write a long chapter of his intentions in case of success —in prosecuting innumerable great and useful schemes, which would have gone farther towards the reforming and regenerating his country, than those of all the self-styled Liberals. If he had lived two months longer, to reap the fruit of his toil, such a chapter might have been as interesting as it would now be wearisome to the reader; and if he had lived, perhaps, as Mazeppa says—

> "At this hour I should not be
> Telling old tales beneath a tree."

CHAPTER IX.

Bilboa—Portugalete—Siege of Bilboa—Failure of Ammunition—Zumalacarregui wounded — Effects of it—His Interview with the King—Activity of the Enemy—Misunderstanding—Explanation—A Parley—Weakness of Don Carlos—Attempt to enter Bilboa—Death of Zumamalacarregui.

Bilboa is about seventeen miles north-west of Durango, along the banks of the river Ibaizabal, or Ivaizaval, as it is pronounced. On approaching the city the river winds a great deal. The country here, although level in comparison with the interior, is, notwithstanding, very hilly, and the road, which is macadamised, is cut through the rock in many places. On your right and left, approaching it by the road from Durango, all that is visible is the massive church of Begoña, which, surrounded by a few houses, rises outside the city. On your right are some plains, partly wooded and partly cultivated, formed by the sinuosities of the river, before you reach a wide and handsome bridge of stone, which spans the river, and over which passes the road to

Bilboa, which is still concealed by a hill covered with vines. On the other side of this bridge are a few cottages, a tolerable house to the left, and on the right is a venta. This spot is termed Puente Nuevo, from the vicinity of the bridge, although, like the Pont Neuf at Paris, its antique appearance belies its name; and here, all through the siege, the Carlist head-quarters were fixed.

Bilboa, built in rather a straggling manner, chiefly along the right bank of the river, which, in passing through the city, where it continues to wind as far as the principal quay, is deeper but narrower than at Puente Nuevo, seems, as far as we could judge, as besiegers, to be a handsome city. The left bank is also built upon, but to a much less extent, and that part is called *Bilboa la vieja*, or Old Bilboa, which joins a suburb, and communicates with the right bank by a suspension bridge. The houses along the quays and in the squares seem all very high, regular, and well built—mostly of stone, with balconies, but all clean and well painted. On one square is the hospital, an immense building, but resembling, from its number of windows, a large green-house rather than

an hospital, and seeming more picturesque than solid. It is, perhaps, excepting Cadiz and Barcelona, the most commercial city in Spain, and is said to present a most gay and lively aspect. Of this we could judge but little, as even when the firing was suspended, there were but few that ventured from under the piazzas or through the streets. All around the city the soil is exceedingly fertile; and all the way to the sea, which is six miles off, the banks are studded with villas and country-houses. On the left bank, near the Bay of Biscay, is Portugalete, off which the larger vessels that cannot come up the river are obliged to anchor. This was fortified and garrisoned by the enemy. There were then lying at Olaveaga, a little out of Bilboa, at the foot of the monastery of San Mames, four or five French and English merchantmen, and three ships of war; the French government steamer, "Le Météore," a French goëlette, and his Britannic Majesty's ship the Saracen. The officers in command of these vessels had an interview with Zumalacarregui, who, according to the admission of the captain commanding on the river, behaved

very politely, and gave a pass for the British Consul to be allowed to communicate freely with the Saracen.

Bilboa, in which were at that time thirty pieces of artillery, it would have been difficult to have taken by battering down the isolated forts, or rather field-works thrown up on terraces round the city, and joined by a wall with a deep ditch—that is to say, difficult for us, who had but two 18-pounders of battering-train; our brass pieces of six and eight doing little damage, and our batteries being dismounted by the number and heaviness of the enemy's guns, many of which were 32-pounders. To storm it was comparatively easy, and a loss certainly under five hundred men would have made the town our own; and on storming it Zumalacarregui resolved. On the left bank of the river, on a height immediately overlooking the place where the hospital stands, were placed three mortars; and in front of Begoña, on the right bank, a battery of two 18-pounders was advanced to within a short distance of a terrace and wall, which commanded a great part of the city.

In the church of Our Lady of Begoña, which, although without the walls, is the principal one of Bilboa, the battalion of guides was stationed; our ammunition being drawn up in carts by oxen, and ranged behind the church. To the left of this was a palacio. As it was found that the walls of this building were sufficiently solid, two embrasures were made, and pieces of cannon placed in them. Our batteries having at last opened fire, it was reported, by nightfall, that a breach was nearly effected. Lots had been drawn, and it had fallen on the first and second companies of guides to lead the way for the storming party. Zumalacarregui, in a few words, informed the men that the first hundred who entered the place should each receive an ounce of gold; if they fell, their families should be well provided for; and six hours' pillage were to be given. He was answered by loud shouts, to send them on. At this moment our ammunition failed; messenger after messenger was despatched, but the fire having slackened, the breach that had been made was filled up with sand-bags; and, having once had time to repair it, the breach became the

most difficult place to get over, as probably they had placed *chevaux-de-frise*, and dug trenches on the other side. Zumalacarregui now delayed the storming till next night, and had preparations made for establishing a battery considerably on the left of Begoña, having now decided on the wiser plan of battering down the wall that united the separate forts, and entering the city; as, when that was taken, all the fortified points and terraces round it, although commanding it, could only burn it, and must eventually surrender.

The palacio next to the church of Bilboa afforded a most commanding view; and although not above a hundred toises from the enemy's work, early the next morning, notwithstanding the representation of his staff, Zumalacarregui, who would see everything himself, went out with a telescope into the balcony, although the wood-work of the window was like a riddle, and all the bars excepting three were torn away by the grape-shot. The instant any one appeared in sight, the enemy commenced their fire of musketry; so that, on seeing a man so exposed, and by his telescope and black fur jacket

evidently a superior officer, all the men lining their batteries and the works commenced firing on him. It has been said that he was struck by one of the English marines, from the steamer in the Queen's service, then in the river; but this it is impossible to ascertain, and it was more than probable that it was a Spaniard that sped the bullet which occasioned his death (although a shot fired from behind a wall is scarcely a subject worthy of dispute), as the marines in the battery could not at most have been more than twenty or thirty; and all agree that a discharge of at least a hundred muskets took place. The General came slowly out of the balcony, but finding that he could not conceal his lameness, he at last admitted that he was wounded. A bullet, bounding from one of the bars of the balcony, struck him in the inner part of the calf of the right leg, passed without hurting the *tibia*, and fracturing the smaller bone, without having force to penetrate, as it is usual with spent shot, dropped two or three inches lower down in the flesh.

I had spent the previous night near Zornosa, about nine miles off on the road to Durango, and

had received orders to join his staff, to which I had been appointed, early next morning. As I had already been before Bilboa, and the accommodation was wretchedly bad, on receiving a second summons at nine in the morning, having been all the preceding day on horseback, I did not hurry. On reaching the village of Zornosa, I was informed that I had been sent for thus early, because the General was wounded, to accompany Burgess, whose medical assistance was required, but who had difficulty in making himself understood. He had already been gone half an hour. I spurred away, but only reached Bilboa as the General was carried, bed and all, by twelve soldiers along the road. He seemed in some pain, but conversed and smoked his cigarillo all the way, as if nothing had happened. Burgess had not examined the wound, as he also had only been in time to join him; but from the description given by the surgeon that attended, it was very trifling. Notwithstanding this, the necessity of quitting the army, and being unable to direct the operations of the siege, seemed to prey upon his mind. All along the road where the

news of Zumalacarregui being wounded had flown like wildfire, the peasants and soldiers thronged round his couch. He took chocolate twice on the road, saying, "I suppose I must not take anything else?" which the doctors confirmed.

It was already, on account of the slowness of our march, nightfall before we reached Durango. One of the best houses in the town opposite the palacio, in which the King was lodged, was prepared for his reception. All the ministers were in waiting to receive him. As Zumalacarregui—which I believe I have already mentioned—had never been on cordial terms with those about the King, he received them rather bluntly. When they inquired whether he was in pain, he replied, abruptly, "Do you imagine that a bullet through the leg does not hurt?" On examining the wound, it was found as I described: he had a little fever, which augmented during the night. His first observation, when left by the King's people, was, "The pitcher goes to the well till it breaks at last. Two months more only, and I would not have cared for any sort of wound." He was attended by the surgeon of his own staff—

a man who had deserted over from the Christinos a few weeks before, and in whom he seemed to place confidence—the King's own physician, and Burgess. The two former were of opinion that in a month, so slight was the wound, he would be again on horseback: the latter stated a still shorter period for his recovery, and said that, in a fortnight or three weeks he ought, if properly treated, to be able to resume his occupations. Burgess was also of opinion that the bullet should be instantly extracted: this was opposed by the other two, and even dressing the wound was neglected till next morning: he also opposed their putting on any bandage, or a Samaritan balsam of wine and oil, which he said was unnecessary. They all three slept in the same room, keeping watch by turns: for my own part, being unwell, and very tired, I ordered the alcalde to furnish me with a lodging, and early the next morning returned to the General's room.

At six o'clock Don Carlos came to see Zumalacarregui, and they conversed at considerable length: the tears stood in the King's eyes, and

the interview was highly affecting. Zumalacarregui looked very pale and exhausted, having slept but little all night. He read over and signed several papers. He then desired me to inform Mr. Burgess, that as his wound was of a most trifling description, and, besides his own senior surgeon, the King had sent his to attend him, he (Burgess) had better return to Puente Nuevo, where his services might be more useful to the wounded. He also dismissed me, to join Eraso's staff, who, *ad interim*, was commander-in-chief. He was carried on a litter to Segura, and thence to Cegama, a distance of about thirty miles, passing through the village of Ormaistegui. Thrice after a lapse of many years he had passed through the spot of his nativity, which he had quitted at an early age—once during the defeat of the enemy on the 3rd of January, when we had all gone through at full speed in pursuit; once after the defeat of Espartero, the surrender of Villafranca, and the evacuation of Tolosa and Salvatierra by the enemy, when he was marching to invest Bergara; and a third time, stretched on a litter by a wound that proved

mortal, when he came to lay his bones within a short distance of his birth-place, which was only hidden from sight by a mountain that had been the scene of one of his early triumphs.

He died, if I remember right, the eleventh day after he received his wound. He was then delirious, and expired in a manner characteristic of his life: he seemed, in this temporary derangement, to fancy himself leading on his followers in some desperate action; and breathed his last calling his officers by name, and giving orders to his battalions to charge or retire, as if he had been fighting that last battle which must have decided the fate of Spain, and where we should have seen him fall with less regret. With him, not alone the Carlists, but Spain, lost a man whose like she had not seen for long years, and which I hope she may soon look upon again.

When I parted from him at Durango I never anticipated this. We had seen him always escape so providentially, and he was so bound up with our cause, that we had never dreamed that he could die. It would have seemed less strange to us if an earthquake had swallowed up one-half of our army.

I returned to Puente Nuevo, but a languor was visible in all our operations. Zumalacarregui had battered in breach the second day. Although fresh pieces were brought up, this was never afterwards effected. The governor Mirasol, who had somehow gained intelligence of Zumalacarregui's being wounded, had given out to the garrison the prophetic falsehood of his death. Their loud and deafening cheers announced to the Carlists their exultation. "We have killed your barbarian leader! The terrible Zumalacarregui is no longer with you. Have you made sausages of his blood, brigands?" Our men answered by a very useless fire of musketry, and swore that the heart's blood of a Christino should flow for every drop that their chief had shed. From this moment, however, a great increase of energy and spirit was visible in the enemy. They strengthened their works, made two sorties, and fired with surprising vigour on our batteries. If the church of Begoña was not levelled, it was only owing to its massive walls. I was in the steeple when the largest bell was dashed to pieces by a 12-pound shot. Two or three houses,

in which companies of our troops were on guard, were riddled like a sieve; but being built of framework and plaster, they were unable to knock half of them down. We had a gun dismounted in the palacio, and the large mortar broke one of its spokes. How it happened I know not, but their principal fire seemed directed to the left of the church, where they battered in breach a stone wall of great thickness, without any apparent use, doing no further damage than killing four oxen; one 24-pound shot going through those that were yoked to two carts laden with ammunition, which had somehow been left exposed. Two men were killed under the Piazza, beside the church, by shells. An artilleryman lost his head by a cannon-shot, and six or eight were wounded by the splinters of the bell, but further I heard of no loss during the five or six hours their heavy fire lasted.

A sortie was made next morning, with a view to seize on some cattle on a hill beside the rope-walk. Our men feigned a retreat, to draw them away; but finding them too wary, they rushed upon them, and drove them in. A captain of marines, an

Irishman, in the Queen's service, was killed in this sortie; his name was, I believe, O'Brien. Count Mirasol, in publishing the official account, remarked,—"My horse was wounded; Captain O'Brien was also killed." This must be a satisfactory reference for the men under Evans, to know the estimation in which they will be held by those for whom they are about to shed their blood. An English captain may fight, if not for victory or a place in Westminster Abbey, for a place in the bulletin next to a Spanish brigadier-general's horse.

It was next day, I believe, that I was sent by the commander-in-chief *ad interim*—Benito Eraso—with Lieutenant-Colonel Arjona and another officer, on board his British Majesty's brig the Saracen. Here we had a conference with the English and French naval officers, relative to a misunderstanding which had taken place. Zumalacarregui had given a pass to the British Consul to proceed up and down the river from the city, to communicate with the ships of his own government. Immediately after his being wounded, however, Giube-

lalde, who was in command of some battalions quartered along that bank of the river and about San Mames, had refused to acknowledge it, imagining it to have been given only for one day. The troops along the banks having been changed, and the orders to allow all boats with the French and English flag to proceed down the river not having been repeated to them, they had refused to allow any whatever to go either up or down the river to Portugalete. This of course was but a mistake; but it appears to have been an unwarrantable proceeding, as it was detaining French and English vessels against their inclination, and the blockade had only been declared from higher up the river than where they were lying, where a double row of boats and barges had been sunk across the river. The Captain commanding on the river, whose name has escaped my memory, and the Consul, declared, that on their interview with Zumalacarregui he had behaved in the most handsome manner; and had said that those British inhabitants who did not choose to leave the city, in case the place was taken by storm, on placing

the British flag over their doors, should have their houses respected, to which effect the strictest orders should be given. He had also, without difficulty, given permission to the English and French consuls and the commanding officers to go from the city to Olaveaga, and *vice versâ;* but, immediately after he was wounded, a great change took place. Not only they refused to allow the Consul to return to Bilboa, but to let his boat go down the river. On applying to Giubelalde, he said, " Do you wish me to compromise myself by acting contrary to my instructions ?" The truth was, he had received general orders strictly to keep up the blockade; and as Eraso had not thought necessary to repeat to him the exceptions in favour of the consuls and French and English officers, he adhered to them to the letter. The mistake about the boats was immediately rectified, and we galloped on to Puente Nuevo to get the pass from Eraso for the Consul, which was immediately sent down; and the next morning was fixed on for an interview between the two consuls and Eraso.

Next day, the two consuls, their interpreters, and the captain, came down the road from the promenade of Miraflores, preceded by sailors carrying their flags, and were introduced to Eraso. Eraso commenced by apologising for the detention of their boats, for which he offered to suspend the general of the division who had been guilty of the aggression; and he furnished the consuls and captains with passes either for themselves or their responsible officer. The consuls, finding him thus far easy, demanded that all British and French subjects should be allowed free ingress and egress to and from Bilboa. This was insisted on in a very haughty manner by the French consul; and I doubt not, if it had not been for that circumstance, might have been obtained. He was, however, told, that if he was not aware of the laws of war, he must be made acquainted with them; that it was only by favour that the Carlists, having declared the place in a state of siege, allowed any communication whatever with it; and even that, having given the consul and inhabitants leave to quit the place, they were

by no means bound to exempt them from any of the penalties of a place taken by storm. On this the demand was immediately abandoned.

We were rather amused by the English consul's begging, as "no doubt the General was not making war on the consuls and their families," to be allowed to send out a servant with a basket every day, to fetch a little fresh meat, which for some time they had not tasted. It appears it had become a very scarce article in the place; a pound of beef had been sold for 48 reals, or 12*s.*, and a dozen eggs were worth 36 reals. Eraso smiled, but very politely said, that certainly he would not only permit it, but, if they would send out a servant with the English flag, he would order meat to be given for all of them. The French consul thanked him, but observed with *nonchalance*, "I do not know how it is,—my cook has always found meat." "Has he?" said his British colleague and the interpreter all in a breath—"I should like to know where it is to be had." This amused us exceedingly. The previous day, when on board the Saracen, one of the officers, whose name has escaped my memory, requested of

me, if I could do so, to get a basket with provisions passed in to Bilboa, to a particular friend of his. The next day a basket containing fowls and ducks arrived, addressed to me. Having obtained permission, the only difficulty was to find some one to take them in; as the peasantry were afraid they would not be let out again, and it was a matter of considerable embarrassment to give orders to the posts, which were constantly changing, not to fire at them, in particular when they sallied. The thought immediately struck me, that it would be a good plan to send it in by the sailor carrying the union jack, whom I imagined, of course, to be an Englishman. He turned out to be a sailor from the French steamer Météore. I ordered the basket to be given to him, with a message that it was for his consul. On entering Bilboa it was delivered to the French consul's cook, who, deeming it as an ill wind that blows nobody any good, forthwith proceeded to spit them; and the officers of the Météore, who that day dined with his master, informed me afterwards that they had drunk a health over them to the providence of the English.

Unhappily, as soon as Zumalacarregui had given up the command, against the urgent representations of Eraso, his plan of storming the place was overruled. The King was persuaded that the giving up a city to the horrors that must follow this desperate resource of warfare would be a most unwarrantable act, as above a third of the population were Carlists, and innocent and guilty would all perish alike before the fury of the soldiery when once let loose. Struck with horror at the representations that were made him, the King, who is a remarkably conscientious man, and who, though he may often err in judgment, would not, to gain his crown, commit the slightest act which he considered wrong, gave positive orders that the extreme works only should be stormed, where only the military defending them would suffer from the fury of the victors.

This false mercy, or rather weakness, which the Bourbons have so often been guilty of, has caused oceans of blood to be spilled. Would it not have been better that a part of those lukewarm partisans within the city should have perished, than

that hundreds of those who were armed around him, and had devoted their existence to his cause, should fall in successive combats. The consequence was, when the troops were informed that they were to storm the forts, and the forts only,—to run all the risk and be cheated of the recompense which the soldier in all times and places has been taught to look upon as the reward of his desperate efforts, namely, to riot in scenes of murder and rapine, which, to the disgrace of the nature of man, seem to be the only allurements that can lead him over the bristling rampart, and into the very cannon's mouth,—they naturally refused to mount the walls, or, at least, from the observations that were made, it was known that they would have done so.

Many of the Colonels of battalions, and the Captains of companies, declared that they were willing to go but as simple volunteers, and unless their men were allowed the pillage, refused the responsibility of leading their corps to the assault. It was then decided that the town should be bombarded; but as Zumalacarregui had only ordered

a certain quantity of ammunition to be brought up, well knowing that Bilboa was easy to be taken by storm, although impregnable to the Carlists by other means, they were obliged to wait till fresh troops could arrive. All this was wasting precious time, and allowing the enemy to recover from their panic, and gather fresh confidence and strength; while in Bilboa they only continued to increase their means of defence, where a few shells fell harmlessly, or tore off the roofs of a few houses.

An attempt was now made to throw auxiliaries into the city, by landing at night a force on the right bank near the sea-shore. Our troops stationed there, forced them speedily to re-embark. Espartero, however, having collected seven thousand men at Portugalete, and knowing that nearly all the force their late defeats had left them, about eighteen thousand men, was advancing to effect a junction, and that the greater part of our troops had been sent to observe them, he determined on making a push to enter the city.

The news of Zumalacarregui's death, prematurely circulated, had wonderfully inspirited the

enemy. All the time that he had been besieging, and taking garrison after garrison, not a step was made; from utter despondency they were roused by this intelligence to the fallacious hope that, Zumalacarregui dead, the Carlists would be dispersed on the slightest efforts, and immediately advanced.

Eraso had been left with only six battalions immediately round Bilboa; he was himself persecuted by the unpitying disease which since my departure has carried him to the grave. He got up from his bed to take the command of three battalions, which were opposing the passage of Espartero, who, from Portugalete, could not reach Bilboa without crossing the Salcedon, a river which runs into the Ibaizabal, considerably higher than the latter city. All the southern bank was lined by the Carlists, and the houses fronting the stone bridge which traversed the river had been previously crenelled, so that they with little difficulty repulsed him in all his efforts to cross it. A desperate push was made to carry the bridge, by a Captain of the Queen's army; he advanced with a drummer, the

drum beating, and eighteen men; before they had reached the bridge-head, drum and drummer, and all the party that attempted to lead the way, excepting five, including the gallant captain, were rolling in the dust. The survivors precipitately retired. Espartero, acquainted with the march of Castor's Biscayan battalion and two others to take him in flank, precipitately retired to Portugalete.

We had hitherto received the most satisfactory accounts of Zumalacarregui's convalescence, and we joined in the feeling of our soldiers, who replied to the shouts of the enemy, that we had lost our leader—"You will see, in a few days, whether we have lost him!" The next morning, like a thunder-stroke, came the intelligence of his death. Every one, when I returned from the monastery of San Mames, where I had been, was looking mysterious and gloomy. I saw directly that some mishap had happened, but never dreamed of the reality. They still endeavoured to conceal it from the men, but the news was flying, although only whispered, in every direction in their ranks. It seemed, however, to carry less discouragement than

I should have imagined, though many of the officers and privates of the guides, who were still stationed at Begoña, could not conceal their tears.

Little by little it was spoken of more openly, and the Navarrese battalions, but particularly the guides, loudly demanded to be led to storm Bilboa to revenge his death. "We will go without pillage!—we will go without the hundred ounces!—we will go even if h— were before us!" were their incessant exclamations.

If the enthusiasm of the troops had even then been taken advantage of, Bilboa might have been captured before the columns advancing to relieve it, and who came hesitatingly, and feeling their way, could have forced us to raise the siege. The consequences of this fresh success are incalculable. I saw one of the servants who had attended him all the while; it appears that, notwithstanding a continuation of fever, he had persisted in occupying himself with affairs. The surgeons had at last determined on extracting the bullet, but as it had fallen many inches lower, they kept cutting and cutting away, and performed the operation in so

barbarous a manner, that he suffered most intense pain, from the effect of which he fainted; to lull this, they had given him opium, it appears, in too great a dose, for soon after the bullet was extracted he died in delirium, as I have already described. He was placed in a leaden coffin in the church of Segama, the little village on the banks of the Orrio where he breathed his last. A key was sent to his wife, a key to the king, and a third remains with the coffin.

All his fortune, which consisted of fourteen ounces of gold, or 48*l.*, he left to his household. To his widow he bequeathed only the grateful remembrance of his Sovereign; and although he lies without even the tribute of the humblest monument to tell where he expired,—in his poverty and his glory,—his name is one that Spain will ring with for many years to come. If Don Carlos ever sit on its throne, to Zumalacarregui he will be indebted for his success. That Commander, when dying, left the King's affairs in a position very different from that in which they stood at the period of Ferdinand's death, and bequeathed to

Don Carlos the means of triumph in the desperate struggle which at its commencement was so hopeless.

Zumalacarregui left a little box containing papers, supposed to be plans of a campaign for continuing the war.

CHAPTER X.

Hopes of the Christinos after Zumalacarregui's Death—Siege of Bilboa raised—Execution of two Deserters—Christinos—Death of Eraso and Reyna—Lopez Reyna—The Writer leaves the Army—Origin of the Work.

No sooner was the death of Zumalacarregui (rumours of which had been previously circulated amongst the enemy's troops by their leaders to encourage them) known in reality to have happened, than the whole of their force, which I have stated was in number eighteen thousand men, rapidly advanced to effect a junction with Espartero, and relieve Bilboa. Some of the officers of the Saracen and the French vessels came to dine with me the day after we had received the news of Zumalacarregui's death. Their names have all escaped my memory excepting Lieutenant Rogers. He spoke perfectly the French and Spanish languages, and seemed a very well-informed and gentlemanly man. In general, the officers of the Queen's army they met in Bilboa seemed to have made far from a favourable impression on them.

Mirasol, the governor, anxious to gain time, now sent a parlementary with a flag of truce, who stated that he was desirous of holding some communication with the besiegers. Lieutenant-Colonel Arjona, son of the ex-governor of Seville, and Zaraitegui, Zumalacarregui's secretary, accordingly entered the place. The former had known Mirasol previously. They soon found, however, that he had no intention of surrendering. As far as regarded himself, he behaved very politely; they lunched with him, and on departing were escorted by several of his officers to the gates. A mob of the most outrageous of the inhabitants gathered, however, to insult them on their passage. They were chiefly from the commercial classes, or the very lowest of the rabble; and not content with crying out at a distance, at last pressed close on them. Arjona immediately stopped, and said he would not proceed amidst the insults of a set of miscreants. "We cannot prevent," said the Commandant, "the people from expressing their feelings."

Arjona said that if he could not impose silence, and make them respect a parlementary, which

everywhere was held sacred, he would return to the Governor's house.

"Oh," said the Christino, sneeringly, "fear nothing; they shall do you no harm." "No," said Arjona, who was a young and spirited officer, "I have no fear for myself. I might certainly be put to death; but to-morrow a hundred and fifty of your officers would be dangling at the other end of Puente Nuevo, for Antonio Arjona." It was at the end of this bridge that the officers of the Provincials of Grenada were executed the preceding January.

The approach of the enemy, when too late, must have convinced the King's counsellors how erroneously they had advised him. Bilboa might have been taken by storm over and over again. With such artillery, disorganised as it was, which the Carlists possessed, and thirty heavy pieces within the place, to knock their batteries to pieces, it would have required six weeks to make any impression by bombarding it. Much precious time had thus been expended for no earthly purpose, while the enemy were daily recovering from their

panic; the death of Zumalacarregui quite restored their confidence.

It was now determined to attack the army advancing to its relief. Carlos himself assumed the command of his army, Moreno was appointed chief of his staff, and Eraso was left before Bilboa; but little by little so much of his force had been drawn off, that he was obliged to raise the siege, and we marched on Villareal de Alava. The Carlists were two hours too late to attack the enemy in positions under highly advantageous circumstances, and the Royalists having committed this blunder, both armies seemed afraid to engage, and passed each other, after a little hesitation, without firing a shot.

On joining again the Royal quarters in quest of my leave of absence, I was witness to the execution of two deserters. They belonged to the 3rd of Castille, composed of the prisoners taken at Trevino, who had embraced the cause of Carlos. Having resolved to desert, they profited by a dense fog to abscond, and having met with a peasant, loaded their muskets before him, and, promising him half

an ounce of gold if he led them to the Queen's troops, swore that they would shoot him the instant they were betrayed. At a little distance, and particularly during a fog, the only distinction easily made between the troops of both armies, is in the round bonnets of ours and the shakos or foraging caps, or *gorras de quartel,* of the enemy. The peasant immediately recollected that several Carlist battalions of Alava wore also the foraging cap, and knowing the village where one of them was quartered, led them thither. On seeing them at a distance, the two soldiers fancied all was right, but when their guide had got them close upon the village, he shouted out with all his might, *Muchachos ! aqui hai dos traidores !* (Here, my lads ! here are two traitors !) Perceiving that they were betrayed, they attempted, without even giving themselves time to punish him, to save themselves by a precipitate flight. They were, however, pursued, and as they did not know the country, they were easily recaptured.

The march of the greater part of the Carlist army was now directed on Salvatierra, which Zumalacar-

regui had previously forced the Christinos to abandon. Salvatierra, a very ancient town, situated on the left of the road from Vittoria to Pampeluna, was surrounded by an old wall of considerable height and solidity. Although strong at a time when artillery was either unknown, or in its primitive state, its walls flanked only by square turrets, afforded but an inadequate shelter against the engines of hostility employed at the present day. But it must be remembered, that in the commencement of the war the Carlists were in the state in which all armies were before the use of cannon was known, and even worse, for they had not the means which the warriors of former times had used in the absence of cannon—the catapult, the scorpion, and the battering-ram. Anything that would ward off a musket-shot thus became a fortification to their enemies, until, by the exertions and perseverance of a single artillery officer, they at last succeeded in manufacturing in the woods and mountains several of those formidable weapons, which, once obtained, enabled them to procure others; but that beginning was the difficulty.

On Salvatierra being evacuated by the enemy, the Carlists took possession, and, as usual, immediately began demolishing the fortifications. This, however, was a work of some time. We found here, chained together, labouring at them, two hundred peseteros and chapelgorris, who, since Lord Eliot's convention, had received quarter, but were never intrusted with arms; indeed, if Zumalacarregui had been inclined to have made a trial of them, the soldiers would unanimously have refused to receive them into their company, so great was the hatred they always inspired. With the line, on the contrary, the instant they exchanged their shako for the beret, they were looked upon as brethren, and treated as such.

Amongst these prisoners was one old man whose appearance immediately indicated him to be of a superior class to the labourers about him. I was afterwards informed that he was a marquess. His name I have forgotten; but he had rendered himself notorious amongst the liberals, and was captured by the partida when sallying with a small escort from Vittoria, to levy a free corps for the

service of the Queen: he was therefore treated as a pesetero. He seemed to undergo the change of circumstances with great fortitude. On the arrival of the King the hard labour was mitigated, and the next evening the marquess's son and another officer, with a flag of truce and a small escort, came from Vittoria to propose an exchange for the family of a superior officer held prisoner by the enemy. This was effected.

From Salvatierra, I followed the King through a tremendous storm to Eulate, in the Amescoas. The next day he took up his position with fourteen battalions at Arrouniz, Eraso having meanwhile laid siege to Puente la Reyna, to force Cordova to a battle. Here, learning that my passport had been sent on to Eraso, I joined him before Puente.

I found Eraso in a little village within gun-shot of the town: this I reached at mid-day. Eraso, who was gradually dying of consumption, had just got up, and was at dinner. This man, who proved himself a skilful soldier, and ranked, in my estimation—although still at an humble distance—next to Zumalacarregui, had fought through a

most disinterested feeling of Royalism. It was to Eraso that Zumalacarregui offered to give up the command, on account of his seniority of rank; but he, as a partisan, frankly acknowledging that he believed Zumalacarregui's talents greater than his own, refused to accept it. He was well aware that he was dying; he had even firmly entertained this conviction many months before, which may have confirmed the symptoms of his disease. He had, in consequence, behaved throughout his career like a man who, with the prospect of death almost face to face, saw the littleness of all worldly ambition. His last exploit was the defeat of Espartero on the heights of Descarga, and the capture of 1800 prisoners. When I took leave of him, and expressed a hope for his recovery, he shook his head, and said, with a melancholy smile, "At the fall of the leaf I shall be no more." He prophesied truly; for about six weeks after he expired.

I observed that he had taken all Zumalacarregui's servants and household under his protection. These were mostly churlish peasants from

the villages in which the hero of Ormaistegui had spent his early youth. Although he had evinced a preference for them as his immediate compatriots, they met with no places or promotion that it was in his power to bestow, beyond their slender merits. Eraso, before we parted, begged of me to give him a copy of the head of Zumalacarregui, which forms the frontispiece to this work: he pronounced it a striking likeness.

As it was my intention to depart for the frontier in a few hours, I went to dine with Colonel Goni, of the 1st battalion. During dinner, we were alarmed by a discharge of musketry. As his battalion was on duty opposite Puente, we immediately mounted our horses, which, fortunately, were ready saddled, and proceeded to the battery. Puente la Reyna stands on the declivity of a hill; on the further side the river Arga runs before it: this end was rendered unapproachable by two batteries on slight eminences. On advancing, we found that the enemy had made a sortie, and taken possession of one which we had erected opposite these. Having placed himself at the head of two compa-

nies, which were on guard about a hundred yards from it, we advanced, and recaptured it, with a trifling loss, Goni being wounded but very slightly in the thigh.

The first thing that met our sight on entering, was Reyna lying dead; he had received a bayonet wound through the heart, from which the yet warm blood was bubbling, and a shot through the throat; we next perceived Lieutenant Plaza with his brains blown out; and seven artillerymen, all killed by shots that had evidently been fired the muskets touching, as the clothes of two of them were burning like tinder. All this happened through the negligence of the sentinel, who had fallen asleep, and had first paid the forfeit of his carelessness. Tired with superintending the battery all night, Reyna was taking an hour's sleep between some shells, the rest were eating. It is supposed some spy must have crept through the vines, and given the enemy intelligence of this; for he so completely surprised them, that the artillerymen had not time to snatch their muskets up before they fled. From the evidence of

these men, it appears that Reyna, Plaza, and seven artillerymen surrendered prisoners of war. "Quarter for those who surrender on their knees!" cried the Christinos. Reyna and the others obeyed this injunction. After an interval of ten minutes, when they had pursued the rest, and spiked our pieces, they murdered those prisoners in cold blood; as it was after that time that the discharge was heard in the battery. Three of the bodies of their victims had their hands tied behind their backs by pocket-handkerchiefs, and one by the strap of a cartouch-box, which had been cut up for the purpose. This was the first time since the Eliot convention that they were called on to apply it to the persons of Carlist officers, although so well had Zumalacarregui observed the treaty, that above four thousand prisoners had been made during the last month. They had managed, as I have stated, to spike our pieces, and in a most complete manner, only with iron instead of steel nails; so that they were easily drawn out with pincers; and half an hour after the battery opened fire again. I could not get any of the soldiers, probably from some superstitious

feeling, to lend me a knife or scissors to cut off a little of Reyna's hair to send to his brother, a chef d'escadron, under whose orders I had served, and with whom I was particularly intimate. I was obliged at last to use the sword of an artilleryman, which was very sharp. Reyna and his brother had been the means of saving the lives of many of the prisoners, and were as noted for their humanity as their valour.

Two days after, when I was near the frontier, the battle of Mendigorria took place, in which the Carlists were worsted, although the defeat led to no important results. Reyna, who had received the intelligence of his brother's death, and the melancholy token I sent him, distinguished himself by saving two battalions of Castille. Lopez, with five hundred horse, was pursuing, when Reyna was allowed to charge with the 3rd and 4th squadrons, in all two hundred and forty horse: he broke and routed the cavalry of Lopez, and, giving no mercy, made a great slaughter, to avenge the murder of his brother. I have heard from an eye-witness, who joined me afterwards at Bayonne, that all the 4th

squadron came back with their lances dripping with blood.

Tomas Reyna, still a young man, was captain of cuirassiers of Ferdinand's guard. He had much distinguished himself, and was a great favourite with Zumalacarregui. No one more deeply lamented or endeavoured to assuage, as far as lay in his power, the horrors of civil war. Since then I have heard that he has become the Claverhouse of the Carlist army—having vowed never to spare foes who showed so little kindness to his own blood.

The last scene I witnessed before leaving the Royalist army was—as the first had been—one of bloodshed. Reyna was one of my earliest acquaintances. Few, very few of those I had known in the beginning of the war, a year ago, survived its vicissitudes—and the links of the friendships I had contracted had one by one been broken. Three days after, I re-crossed the frontier, and abandoned my red beret and sword for a round hat and walking staff.

My object in detailing a few passages of my

campaign, mostly from notes made on the spot, has been to give some account of the difficulties with which a man whose exploits are worthy of some record had to struggle,—and what he achieved,—and to enlighten the public, by the history of what Don Carlos has hitherto contended with, as to the real chances of success which the devotion and energy of the Basque people give his cause.

CHAPTER XI.

Observations on the Quasi Intervention—Refutation of the Queen's right to it—Falsehood practised to deceive the Public demonstrated—Of Colonel Evans and the Auxiliaries—What they will probably meet with if they take the Field—The consequences if they remain in Garrison.

GREAT as the gullibility of John Bull is universally admitted to be, it is a matter of surprise how thoroughly a few of the rulers of the money market have, by bribery and intrigue, for so long a period contrived to keep him in total ignorance of what was going on in the northern provinces of Spain, and which, to many, was a question of very vital interest. The greater part of the vehement supporters of the Queen are so, because if the throne that has been usurped for her should flit away, their money would vanish with it. Of this they are perfectly aware, but as to the justice of the case, it neither enters into their calculations nor interests them. They find it just, because it is profitable, that a nation should have a government,

however adverse they may be to it, crammed down their throats, even if necessary, by a parcel of strangers and mercenaries, to make the fortunes of a few individuals in the cities of London and Paris.

Of the intervention of the men gone out under Evans, useless as I believe it will be, I have but a few words to say. If the extensive stockholders in the city of London imagine that Spain is to be conquered, like Portugal, with their gold, they are miserably mistaken in their estimate of the Spanish character. I am talking in case of their supporting her as they did Don Pedro; for, any ten or fifteen thousand men would be like a drop of water in the sea, and will do the Queen's cause more harm than good. There is no limit to the injustice and falsehood they have been guilty of, in representing the affairs of the Peninsula, by which they have inveigled and ruined many, and will ruin thousands more—whose utter ignorance of the rights of the question alone entitles them to our pity.

The public were led to believe that the majority of the nation was in favour of the will by which

Ferdinand, in violation of the established law, altered the succession to the throne, on condition of its being surrounded by *soi-disant* liberal institutions. On that consent hinged the rights of Isabella and the exclusion of Don Carlos. There was evidently no right, according to their own reasoning, without this majority; but, according to their statements, the majority of the people were in favour of government, which had also the army of 120,000 men, all the strong places, and all the *materiel* of the kingdom. How is it possible, if all this were true, that they should need the aid of strangers? And such as have been sent them—the sweepings of a country, and of a country, too, in that particular resembling a hotbed, where noble fruits and flowers seem to spring amidst dung and filth, more prolific of the latter than any other in the world. If the majority were in favour of the Queen's government, it could have no need of auxiliaries—holding, as it does, every resource—and least of all such auxiliaries as have been sent them. If it be not so, the right of the Queen is at once destroyed, on their own prin-

ciples, and it is a crying injustice to take any part against Don Carlos; for it is, then, clearly for the sake of lucre only.

How the stockholders—those I mean who are innocently blind—can still give faith, as they do, to the statements of those papers which have so palpably betrayed and deceived them, exceeds my comprehension. Let any one take all the numbers of the greater part of these oracles for the last two years past, and they will find it repeatedly reported, that when the question first began to be agitated in England, "the Carlist faction, or rather the armed bands, represented as desolating parts of the kingdom, did not exist." Although they had never existed, we were subsequently informed that they were entirely destroyed. After being crushed and destroyed repeatedly, they met with constant and fatal defeats; and yet, when the intelligence of the defeat of Valdes came by the unquestionable authority of Lord Eliot, and the fact of Bilboa being besieged by Zumalacarregui was equally undisputed — which certainly was enough to convince the simplest minds of their

falsehood, for which a retrospection of their own contradictory and absurd statements of Spanish affairs since the beginning alone should have sufficed—still, after all this, they were as much credited as before; so anxious are we to believe what we wish; and people naturally say, "Those who hold Spanish stock at least ought to know."

Regarding the Auxiliaries, we are told that the great knowledge Colonel Evans possesses of the country is to work miracles—a topographical knowledge at best; and what is that to the knowledge Mina, El Pastor, and a hundred other officers on either side have, not only of the position of the mountains, roads, and villages, but of every path, rivulet, and almost the number of stones on every bridge *. Of Mina's talent as a leader he knows nothing, or at least has yet had no opportunity of developing it; and the oratorical powers he

* On inquiring of a Carlist officer, who had served with Mina, whether this quality was exaggerated, he replied, "We are now on the bridge of Sumbillio—if you were to go to Mina at Cambaud, he could tell you how many inches it is long and wide, and how many stones there are along the parapet."

possesses, however useful among his constituents at Westminster, will be of little use among the mountains and peasantry of the provinces. Some boldly affirm that his plan to *bring the war to a conclusion* is, to seize on certain commanding positions. To those who know the country, this requires no comment. For the information of those who do not, I shall take the liberty of observing, that at the time the Queen's army was infinitely more numerous than it is at present,—when the Carlist army, without a single gun, did not amount to six thousand men, Rodil, being commander-in-chief, garrisoned every large town, and fortified every commanding military position in the country, as far as it was possible, and yet found that it was entirely fruitless. Now that the Carlists are thirty thousand men, possessed of artillery, which no longer renders it possible to fortify mere houses and convents, what is Colonel Evans, who, after all, is in a subordinate capacity, to do with his six or eight thousand ragamuffins?

As far as regards the men, they are still perfectly undisciplined; and, natural as bravery and decision is to my countrymen, supposing this first

obstacle already got over, I have no hesitation in saying, that of all troops in the world to contend in a guerrilla warfare, they are the most unfitted. Supposing that they could defeat the Carlist battalions, they will only reduce it to this. It then becomes no longer a stand-up fight, but a war in which their antagonists will be hunger, fatigue, disease, and the knife,—and, worst of all, the sudden transitions from want to plenty. Are these, I demand, the antagonists the British soldier is calculated to battle with? And these, it must be remembered, are very far from being British soldiers. It has been fallaciously hoped that the name of these auxiliaries and the sight of red coats alone would have a wonderful effect; but we must remember that the troops of the French empire had at least as wide a reputation at the period of their invasion, and struck, on account of their excesses*, infinitely more terror than our own: yet this carried no discouragement into the hearts of the Spaniards; and the hundreds of thousands of these conquerors of Europe who

* Here it appears the auxiliaries have proved themselves at least on a par with them.

perished without the glory of a single fight, fill an eventful page of Napoleon's history, and might have proved a useful lesson.

The mountains of Navarre are not the worst; the war would only recommence in Catalonia or Gallicia, if the King were to transport himself thither, and if it were possible to drive him out of the insurgent provinces. It became a saying amongst the French soldiers, that the Navarrese were like worms—cut them in two, and two Navarrese rose up against you. I know a lieutenant-colonel in the French service, who, when Joseph was in Madrid, in leading his battalion from the frontier, without a single skirmish, had lost three-fifths of his men. Spain was then deluged by an immense army. The aid the stockholders can send will be but an insignificant division. That they will be able to reduce it to a guerrilla warfare, I do not, however, for an instant anticipate, but believe that they will be vigorously opposed. In the first place, I am convinced that several of those battalions of Navarre, which, since the beginning have followed Zumalacarregui, and become inured to

the greatest fatigues and hardships the human frame is capable of enduring,—accustomed during nearly two years to daily skirmishes and engagements, are in other respects much better soldiers than the auxiliaries can possibly be made for many months to come. The battalion of guides of Navarre in particular, if ever they should meet them, may prove very different foes from what perhaps the men under Evans may imagine. In the next, every half hour of their road, while Don Carlos keeps in the provinces, the Carlists can take up a position, where, either they will repulse their foes entirely, or, if the latter carry the position, which is, after all, unimportant, they will find that they have three or four or six or eight times as many killed and wounded as the Carlists, and be obliged to make for the first fortified town, to repair their losses, subject to being harassed during their retreat. Or, on the other hand, the Carlists will retreat before them, leading them through places like the Ulzama or the Sierra de Andia, where, exposed to the hot sun or the piercing night wind, without being able to shelter one tithe of their force, they

will be reduced to half rations, and often without one small pot per company to cook them in, unless they carry their kitchen utensils with them—a pleasant addition to the baggage, when obliged to march through two feet of mud, or up and down a natural staircase of the rock. And then come the partidas cutting off all supplies and stragglers. After two or three days of such amusement, they will probably be attacked in earnest, when I know, by my own experience, that hungry, soaked through, and benumbed by the small piercing rain, and half dead by fatigue, men will let themselves be killed with sticks and stones without making any defence.

From these privations a day or two's march will lead them to a country, where, for about the value of a farthing, the soldier can obtain his bottle of wine; and in such circumstances commend me to the sobriety of that respectable portion of my countrymen who have enlisted under the banners of her glorious Majesty! And mark, that within a gun-shot there is always a merciless foe hovering round like the wolf, to make quick work with all who straggle

from the fold. On the mules, or *baggages* as they are called in Spanish, it is with difficulty that the bare necessaries for a day or two can be carried without fear of their being cut off. For you cannot, if near a Carlist army, procure rations as they do ; their partidas preventing the peasantry, nothing disinclined to being stopped, from bringing a single article to the Christinos. If you send out any force to escort them, they will be cut off, unless half your army marches to escort a few mule-loads from one place and a few from another, which of course is a downright impossibility, if you are combining any military operations. If you convey with you a sufficient number of mules and baggage-horses, when you get along the narrow roads where there are precipices and glens on one side, and high and steep rocks on the other, and your men cannot go two abreast,—how are you to defend them? And yet everywhere, directly you leave a valley on the Camino Real, such are to be met with. If you detach *éclaireurs* to reconnoitre above you and below you, such are the obstacles they meet with, you could not advance a mile an hour;

and otherwise, if you have many baggages, although they may be in the centre of a column of ten thousand men, a partida will rush down from the rocks above, cut the throats of your mules, and disappear in the ravine below, where you dare not pursue them, leaving the carcasses to embarrass the road. In the centre of an army of fifty or a hundred thousand men, it would be the same thing; your men, who can go but two by two between the baggages, can offer but a feeble resistance, although multitudes are before and behind them, but who cannot get up to give them succour.

If they are allowed, as some would propose in reply to these objections, to replace the garrisons, and remain behind the walls only, from what knowledge I have of the Spanish character, I shall be somewhat surprised. The jealousy of the Spaniards is proverbial, but we must understand it of strangers, much rather than of their women. Their consent to the acceptance of foreign aid has only been wrung from the liberal party and the army by downright necessity; and after the many hard blows they have met with, they will certainly not be got to fight while they are paying strangers to

do their work for them, if those strangers are to remain in the garrisons. If such should be the case, I can foresee nothing but dissensions between them and the Spanish troops; which probably will, at all events, terminate the affair. We must not suppose they will give the English credit for assisting them from any friendly impulse, for they are well aware that it is only from mercenary motives. I am not alluding to the employed, but to their employers. The liberal's class, too, and the population of the towns, are precisely the classes in Spain where a dislike to the English does prevail; they accuse us of things which are not worthy of refutation. They will tell you very gravely, that when the English were in Spain, they had orders, while wearing the mask of friendship, to burn all their manufactures, which they did; and that, at the battle of Toulouse, the Duke of Wellington placed the Spaniards, according to the instructions he had received, where they were sacrificed, because they were known to entertain liberal opinions. All over Europe it is certain we have met with the unfortunate fate, not only of having our real faults and errors severely commented on, but of being more

calumniated and ill-used by fame than any people under the sun. The northern provinces of Spain, at least had retained, amongst the peasantry and all those classes which compose the Royalist party, a grateful recollection of the eminent services we had rendered them; and although the same dislike of all born beneath a foreign sky prevails there as in the rest of Spain, the name of an Englishman was hitherto a high recommendation. As usual, we must undo all this to favour a party by whom we shall be none the better liked, and make ourselves deservedly the detestation of the inhabitants as much as the French have been since their invasion, and further to cover our name with disgrace in the eyes of Spaniards of all classes.

Thus far I had written before the mercenaries had sallied from St. Sebastian and Santander; and although some months have elapsed, and some trial has been given, I see no reason to alter a line of what I have recorded. In what I had ventured to predict, the event has fully borne me out. It is now more than six months since these British auxiliaries have entered Spain. Not their warmest

advocates can pretend that they have reaped either glory or advantage to themselves or the government they went to serve; and according to the accounts of their adversaries, and even of totally impartial authorities, they have met with nothing but discomfiture and disgrace, which unhappily they will entail on the British name amongst the Spaniards, who will not discriminate between a nation and the refuse of a nation, a designation to which Evans's corps generally are entitled. Of course there may be, and I believe there are, some exceptions, but I also believe them to be few. Whatever my private judgment may be as to the accounts that are to be selected as most veracious from the contradictory statements that have been made of the three reconnoissances, skirmishes, or engagements in which the Anglo-Spanish legion has been engaged at Hernani, Arrigoriaga, and on the road from Vittoria northward, I shall not here venture to give an opinion, as it has been my object throughout this work to confine myself to the narration of facts of which I was either an eye-witness or am enabled to speak with certainty.

The reader, by referring to the map, may however distinctly perceive that each of the two first movements was made to open a communication between the coast and the plains of Vittoria and the Ribera, by forcing a passage through the mountainous part of the country by the roads from St. Sebastian and Bilboa to Vittoria. Along the first of these the British legion advanced to Hernani, where the first skirmish took place against the division of Gomez, composed of the rawest troops in the army of Don Carlos. This affair was differently represented by both sides; but neither will dispute the fact, that the Anglo-Spanish garrison of St. Sebastian retired to its walls, from whence along that road they never sallied again, and that from St. Sebastian to Bilboa they went by sea, when they did quit for the latter place. From Bilboa they marched several leagues along one of the Vittoria roads, with the bulk of the Christino army. An affair took place at Arrigoriaga, also differently represented, but of which the result was again, that they retired back to the coast, or at least to Bilboa, from whence they had come.

These, we are gravely told, are reconnoissances, and for the city politicians and fundholders this may do very well; but every military man must in an instant see the humbug of pretending that reconnoissances are made with four-fifths of a garrison, or all the disposable force, and in such a manner that the safety of it is compromised, when fifty or a hundred men would have answered all the same purpose.

When the junction with Cordova at Vittoria was effected finally, it was by making a considerable circuit to the west, not by the direct road from north to south; in attempting which they were twice driven back. Having joined Cordova, they again made the essay in this last affair of the 17th of January, by marching from Vittoria northwards, to open a communication between the plains of Vittoria and Ribera and the northern coast, through this tract of country (the provinces of Biscay and Guipuscoa) into which, since the arrival of the auxiliaries, they had never penetrated; the result was, as in the former experiments they had made, that they were obliged to retreat back to Vittoria.

So that now they are reduced to the necessity of going this circuitous route, unless they make a more successful effort to open the road, which I have very strong reasons to disbelieve. Meanwhile, day by day, the infantry of Don Carlos augments, in more rapid proportion than the forces of the enemy melt away, and the state of the case may be summed up in these few words.

The force of Don Carlos is too great in Biscay, Navarre, and Guipuscoa, for all the Queen's troops, including the auxiliaries, and all that Mendizabal will ever get together of his levée en masse, to dislodge him. If it is attempted, they will meet with nothing but defeat and destruction.

The army of Don Carlos, on the other hand, from want of cavalry, will never (if the Queen's continue in its present state) be able to cross the Ebro and advance along the plains of Castille, without incurring the same penalty. Furthermore, Don Carlos cannot raise sufficient cavalry in those provinces. The country produces none, and the expense and difficulty of getting more than enough to supply accidental deficiencies from France is too great.

The advance on Madrid will, therefore, probably be made from the eastern provinces of Catalonia and Valencia; the former of which is in the same state as the Basque provinces were a year ago; the latter as in the commencement of the war; and here any number of cavalry may be raised. The insurgents, whose organisation is proceeding slowly, and can only be accelerated by the arrival of repeated divisions from the camp of Don Carlos, are, however, too strong to give the Queen's government any chance of checking them, by any force which it has now in, or which it can send to, those provinces, without abandoning, or so much weakening its defence of Castille, that it would leave the shorter road open to him, by which he might proceed at once to the capital. Thus, slowly, events must work their way, and the Queen has no remedy (as far as human foresight can penetrate) but in a French intervention, which is now very unlikely to take place.

The day is gone by when even a national intervention on the part of England would terminate the contest. Don Carlos may proceed but slowly;

but he loses nothing by delay. The Queen's government runs the risk of going hourly to pieces by the breakers amongst which it is stranded. The civil war, which has so long desolated one of the fairest lands of the European continent, is not likely, therefore, to terminate very speedily, and all attempts that foreign powers can make, so far from accelerating its conclusion, would, at best, but smother a fire which will inevitably break out again, and which must and will, therefore, burn to its ashes, and come naturally to its end.

If a French intervention had taken place, if the partisans of Don Carlos had been dispersed, and he himself killed or taken prisoner, those who imagine that this would put an end to the struggle, either err very much in their estimate of the Spanish character, or much misapprehend the state of the case.

It is not a mere war of succession, but of the conservative principle, throughout the country, against the destructive one; and of the whole edifice of Spanish nationality against a small, though powerful faction. There is too much pride in the

Spanish people, of which the immense majority are Carlists, to abide by the decision of foreigners; and that determined spirit which beat back the Moor, and baffled the efforts of the great modern conqueror, is still easily to be disturbed from its slumbers in the most lukewarm, when the national jealousy is in any way awakened.

Under these circumstances, it must be a matter of deep regret to every Englishman who views the question in the same light as myself, that the belligerent parties had been in any way interfered with, except as the Duke of Wellington interfered, by a mission of peace, to the success of which, in saving the lives of five thousand of the inhabitants of that country which he had once liberated by his sword, I myself was witness, during the few months only that I remained after the Eliot convention. The Administration which has succeeded that of his Grace has only added fuel to the flame, and fresh elements to the chaos of civil discord.

THE END.

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